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Art. I. *A Treatise on Human Happiness.* By the late Rev. William Stevens, D.D. Edited by the Rev. Thomas Martyn, B.D. F.R. and L.S. Regius Professor of Botany in the University of Cambridge. 12mo. pp. xxiv. 276. price 7s. London. Cadell and Davies, 1813.

A WORK upon the subject of this Treatise which would, in any adequate degree, fulfil the promise of its title, has long appeared to be a desideratum. We were not, indeed, prepared to subscribe to a prefatory remark in the volume before us, that the 'subject is so entirely new, or at least has seldom, if ever, been professedly treated of by any writer, either ancient or modern;' but we have long wished to see a work in which the principles of philosophical induction should be applied to human experience, so as to conduct to some rational doctrine on the subject of happiness, which might serve, not merely as the basis of a theory, but for the practical guidance of life. Nothing can be more vague or unsatisfactory, than the ideas which are attached to the term happiness, by writers of various descriptions. It is the summum bonum of the Theologian, and the political weal of the Economist; by some writers it is used to denote mere sensitive enjoyment, or a something, which consists in a certain order of fine ineffable sentiments. We have often had reason to regret that writers even of the highest class, have given only a loose and inefficient treatment of the subject, substituting a declamatory exposition of some general truths for investigation and argument. The valuable work written by Dr. Lucas (on the whole, perhaps, the best of this class) will disappoint the reader who takes it up with the expectation of finding in it any inquiry into those mysteries of our nature, those essential circum-

stances and laws of our intellectual being, which bear upon the very constitution of happiness. Throughout his work, we do not recollect any thing purporting to be a definition of the object of inquiry: and in the Treatise before us, the term is used with equal laxity of meaning, except that the epithet *human*, in the title, seems intended to denote, that *happiness* is to be taken in a subordinate sense, as relating to human experience.

We are not generally disposed to lay much stress upon philological definitions in regard to such subjects. They contribute little to the elucidation of truth, and still less can they be assumed as the basis of argument. But it is the duty of writers, when they employ as the subject of a moral 'treatise,' a term so indefinite and uncertain, to affix to it, in the first instance, a distinct, specific meaning. Happiness, taken absolutely, is that supreme satisfaction which arises from the enjoyment of the highest good of which we are capable: and that good must, of necessity, be infinite as the nature of the soul itself. On this point the dictates of revealed truth and those of sound philosophy, are in perfect unison; and no uninspired author has, perhaps, clothed them in sweeter eloquence than the devout Hooker. 'Nothing may be infinitely desired,' he has remarked 'but that good which indeed is infinite.'—'No good is infinite, but only God; therefore he is our felicity and bliss. Moreover desire tendeth unto union with that it desireth. If then in him we be blessed, it is by force of participation and conjunction with him. Again, it is not the possession of any good thing can make them happy which have it, unless they enjoy the things where with they are possessed. Then are we happy therefore when fully we enjoy God as an object wherein the powers of our soul are satisfied even with everlasting delight: so that although we be men, yet by being unto God united, we live as it were the life of God. *Happiness, therefore, is that state, whereby we attain, so far as possibly may be attained, the full possession of that which simply for itself is to be desired, and containeth in it after an eminent sort the contentation of our desires, the highest degree of all our perfection.* Of such perfection capable we are not in this life.—Complete union with God must be according unto every power and faculty of our minds apt to receive so glorious an object. Capable we are of God, both by understanding and will: by understanding, as he is that sovereign Truth which comprehends the rich treasures of wisdom: by will as he is that sea of goodness where whoso tasteth shall thirst no more.'—The whole of the

eleventh section of the 1st book of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' from which the above is taken, is in the same elevated strain, and forms the best dissertation on the nature of happiness which, we believe, is to be met with in any author. We cannot avoid expressing our regret that Dr. Stevens should not have bestowed a more studious attention, than we have any reason to suppose from his treatise, he did, upon this part of a work so invaluable and so satisfactory in respect to every thing but the main object of its author. It would, indeed, be a severe reflection on the Dr. to suspect him to have been unacquainted with it.

Without losing sight of its primary import, there is, certainly, a secondary sense in which the term happiness may be used, in reference to those subordinate objects of desire and attainment, which are suitable to our wants and condition in this preparatory state of existence. It must still, however, be understood to signify a state of mind, not a transient feeling. To express mere sensitive gratification, we have the term *pleasure*, which is sufficient for the purpose; and the emotion of excited affection is aptly designated by *joy*. A false happiness, in this qualified sense, may be supplied by a fancied good, as joy may be excited by unworthy, no less than by fit and real objects. But if we wish to preserve either clearness or consistency in our reasonings, we must abstain from using these words as convertible or synonymous.

We have been obliged to detain our readers from the consideration of the work before us, by our definitions; but they appear to us to be practically important. There are, indeed, further distinctions in relation to the subject of this Treatise, on which it is necessary to remark in the outset. Writers have not, in general, been sufficiently careful to distinguish between the external *means* of happiness, and the cause of that happiness which must be in ourselves. They have not appeared to keep clearly separate, the consideration of the constitution of our nature, from that of the present actual condition of mankind; and they have, in consequence, lost sight of the proper object of inquiry. This, surely, does not render it antecedent to the actual experience of the bulk of mankind. Antecedent to any such examination, we should have sufficient ground to conclude that the general condition of man, would correspond to the degradation of his nature; that it would exhibit the melancholy frustration by sin of the happiness he was originally capacitated to enjoy. Our inquiry, then, should respect the nature of that happiness which we were fitted to receive, and the degree in which its attainment is, at present, to be hoped for.

The Analytical Table prefixed to this Treatise by the

editor, will shew the reader what it is designed to accomplish; and will serve to explain the rather pompous exordium, which announces the difficulty and singularity of the undertaking.

‘To proceed in this matter with any tolerable success,’ says our author, ‘it is necessary to pull off the disguises which are thrown over the face of things; to search into the mazes and intricacies of the heart; to withstand the force of artifice, refinement and invention; to withhold an assent to men’s words, and give it to their actions: in short to search through manners, through history, and through life: and this life, too, sometimes passed in regions and climes utterly dissimilar to our own. In a word, the whole human creation must be in some degree laid open; which will, of consequence, force us into a train of reflections, so seldom insisted on, and so hard to be admitted by the generality of mankind, that it is no unreasonable presumption to hope that the end will justify the means, or at least the usefulness of the doctrine will atone for its singularity.’

We should have thought that the only ground on which any doctrine could rest its claim to general reception, would be, not its usefulness, but its truth; and that its singularity, whatever presumption might have been previously entertained from that circumstance against its probability, would no longer form any objection when exhibited in the light of evidence. Dr. Stevens has, however, ‘another considerable claim’ to advance on behalf of his work ‘to the public favour.’

‘The following work is no crude and hasty production, but was written at leisure, and has lain by me some years, on purpose to see whether the experience of so much time would shake its credit, and shew any considerable defect in its reasoning and observations. And as this hath never happened, but, on the contrary, I am more and more convinced of its truth, I have at length ventured to deliver it to the public inspection.’

No doubt can, we think, be entertained of the earnest interest which the author took in his subject, and of the complacent persuasion which he had of the importance and efficiency of his labours in elucidating it. The work is divided into three parts. The first is upon ‘the causes of men’s complaints for the want of happiness;’ and is designed ‘to combat that dangerous yet prevailing opinion, of the general predominance of misery in human life,’ and to shew its want of support from the sacred writings. In the first chapter, he argues that such an opinion derogates from the mercy and wisdom of God. Our readers, we apprehend, will not be disposed from the following extract to anticipate much ‘*usefulness*’ in the doctrine which this treatise is designed to establish.

The opinion of the general predominance of misery in human life,

‘Has been maintained by men of such different sentiments, and seemingly after such calm and impartial enquiries, that every endeavour must be laudable which tends to invalidate a tenet, that bears so hard on the benevolence of the great Creator of the world. Indeed, it does not appear that the defenders of this opinion had any bad intentions in what they advanced, or even that they saw the ill effects of so dangerous and fatal a principle. Their view of things does, however, tend to exhibit such an unlovely picture of the Deity, as to raise in us strong doubts of his benevolent disposition. For it is very erroneously concluded, that the goodness of God would be sufficiently established, if his creatures were to be made happy in another state, though they were miserable here. I say *erroneously* concluded: for, whence do they infer this happy existence in another state?—from the attributes and perfections of the Deity? There is but one perfection from which this inference can necessarily be drawn; and *that* they have taken away. If it be alleged by them, that, so far from taking that perfection away, they even necessarily suppose it beforehand; this will lead to nearly the same conclusion: as it cannot be deemed either more wicked or more foolish, to rob the Deity of this perfection, than to invest him with it, on grounds contradicted by experience and observations. Such a conclusion is also equally unreasonable with regard to themselves: for, to assert and hope, that a Being whose malevolence they only see here, will pour down blessings on them hereafter, is, in effect, nothing else than to assert against experience, and to hope against reason. If it be objected still, that it never can be justly said, that we see no goodness in the Deity, when there are so many visible marks of it displayed over the whole creation;—what creation does this mean—the inanimate? That is not a proper object of this perfection. The brute part of it? That they are not competent judges of. And man they have consigned to misery. In other words, what they understand of God’s works they have pronounced wretched: and from what they do not understand, they cannot argue at all. Nor can they extricate themselves from the present difficulty by saying, that the wisdom of God is manifested in making up for the defects of his workmanship: for if this wisdom has already exerted itself in sundry contrivances to make us unhappy, frail, indeed, must be the foundation of all our future hopes. More rational, in that case, would our trust become, if levity and caprice, instead of stability and unchangeableness, were attributed to the divine character; seeing that infinite power and immutability, in such a Being, can only serve to exclude every glimpse of comfort, and cover us at once with horror and confusion.’ pp. 1—4.

The next sentences considered in connexion with this boldly foolish strain of sophistry, will justly excite surprise.

‘If there be yet any other method of justification, by which the system of these abject complainers can be freed from its malignity,

let it not be denied them. But let them not, as some have done, have recourse to the scriptures for support, when in reality it is not there.

‘This point, then, it is necessary in the first place to consider: and I enter upon it the more willingly, as, I am persuaded, that every examination of these writings will tend to discredit this opinion, and convince us of the truth of that maxim, so excellent against every dangerous tenet, “let God be true, but every man a liar.”’ p. 5.

The ‘singularity,’ which the preface prepared us to expect in this performance, will begin to be conspicuous. To us it appears to consist in this—that a work undertaken in grave sincerity, for no insidious purpose, but obviously with a pious intention, by a ‘sound Christian Divine,’ as Professor Martyn styles him, of the national Church, should assume at the outset, as a reason of its being undertaken, that the essential character of the Deity is involved in the degree of temporal happiness which his creatures, (fallen creatures we suppose he would not deny them to be,) shall be found generally to possess!—that on the predominance of happiness here, rests the only evidence of the Divine benevolence! that to rob the Deity of this perfection ‘cannot be deemed either more foolish or more wicked, than to invest him with it, on grounds contradicted by—*experience and observations*!! One is utterly at a loss to conceive how any man having the slightest reverence of the Almighty on his mind, could bring himself to hazard so dangerous, so impious a position. In what school of theology could such a divine have studied the evidences of the moral government and the exhibition of the revealed attributes of God? with what disposition of mind, different from that of an Epicurean or a Stoick Philosopher, must this Christian have accustomed himself to contemplate the character of the High and Lofty One who inhabiteth Eternity? or to approach ‘the sacred mount of the Divine Presence?’—‘O man, ‘who art thou, that repliest against God? shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?’—

But our readers may wish to see a specimen of our author’s examination of the sacred writings, in support of his reasonings.

‘The book of Job was written under such peculiar circumstances of severe distress, that it is no wonder if some parts of it should have an air of sorrow, and take their colour from the sad situation of the unhappy complainer. And yet, notwithstanding this, there is no assertion in it so strong for the opinion we are considering, as to be incapable of a milder and more favourable interpretation.

‘Thus, when it is said, that “man who is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble;” what is there more in this, than what the slightest inspection into human affairs must lead us immediately to acknowledge? No one can deny that this transitory being is exposed to numberless evils of the natural kind, which we could neither foresee nor prevent; and, moreover, that there will always be a considerable addition to these unavoidable evils, arising from the passions and perverseness of men. Still, there are such blessings intermingled with these, or succeeding them with such quick and speedy relief, as to enable us to pass our span of being with some tolerable comfort and satisfaction.

‘The same sense might very reasonably be given to that assertion, “man is born to trouble, as the sparks fly upward,” supposing it really to relate to the condition of human nature: but as the context gives it a quite different meaning, and as this meaning is adopted by various commentators, I shall willingly dismiss it, and pass on to another testimony in the sacred writings; which as it is seemingly more cool, deliberate, and circumstantial;—as it is given on the experience of more than an hundred years;—and as it relates to a person, whose unhappiness, if granted, would necessarily infer that of the greatest part of mankind;—does, on all these accounts, require a much closer examination.

‘The testimony I mean, is that of the patriarch Jacob before Pharaoh: “Few and evil have the days of the years of my life been, and I have not attained to those of my fathers:”—a testimony full and express for the opinion we are confuting, if we did not see that it was made up of such jarring and inconsistent materials, that it cannot well be interpreted according to the letter.

‘For, in the first place, his days were not few in respect of his immediate ancestors; whence it becomes probable that they were just as untruly said to have been evil.

‘And, in the next place, if we run over the principal events of Jacob’s life, we shall find that it was as little defective in point of happiness, as it was in point of duration.’ p. 11—13.

In the same style of exposition, Dr. S. observes in regard to ‘some parts of our excellent liturgy, and especially that remarkable sentence in the burial service of our Church, where we thank God for delivering our brother out of the miseries of this sinful world,’ that it is not intended thereby

‘That the state and condition of this world is actually a miserable one; for this is contradicted by other parts of the liturgy; we are only supposed to thank God for delivering our brother from a very dangerous state of probation and trial where there was great variety, both of temptations to corrupt, and afflictions to *subdue him*; where the blessings of life were sown, indeed, thick enough to make him easy while among us, but vain and trifling in comparison of that more exalted bliss which we hope he has now obtained.’ p. 22.

With these extracts, in lieu of any observations of our own,

which might, perhaps, be thought unnecessary, we are tempted to contrast the following paragraph from Jeremy Taylor. It has been, we think, justly pronounced one of the most sublime passages in English literature.

‘He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats and screech owls, or to admire the harmony that is made by an herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans: and yet a careless merry sinner is worse than all that. But if we could from one of the battlements of heaven espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread, how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war, how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of constant infelicity;—in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. *This is a place of sorrows and tears, of great evils and a constant calamity*; let us remove from hence, *at least in affections and preparations of mind.*’ (*Holy Dying*, c. i. § 5. p. 40. 8vo. edition.) ‘A treatise on human happiness!’—we are prompted to exclaim after reading such a passage, or when contemplating the realities which it depicts: surely the very title of such a work argues a strange want of acquaintance with the general state of the world. True, it is a gloomy picture: but it is on this darkened theatre that we behold that Religion which cometh down from heaven, appear in brightest glory: it is in this wilderness that we hear her voice crying, ‘Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God.’

But justice requires that we should give our readers some further account of Dr. Stevens’s work. The 2d chapter resolves the *general* causes of ‘the prevailing opinion of the predominance of human misery’ into ‘1. Human Pride. 2. Self interest and partiality. 3. The circumstance that sufferings strike more strongly than the opposite satisfactions. 4. That

our complaints are made in old age ; and 5. The general expectation of eternal future bliss.' Dr. S. justly remarks, on this last head, that

' We may be certain, however artifice may disguise it, that either such a state of celestial glory, beaming full on the human sight, and accessible to all, will raise in us some contempt of this dim scene of mortality ; or else, that it is not seen by us with that eye of faith, which did once so animate and lift up the hearts of the whole Christian world,' p. 51.

The more particular causes of this prevailing opinion are enumerated in the 3d chapter. ' 1. A pensive and melancholy disposition.—2. An ingenious and thoughtful turn of mind. 3. Delicacy and fastidiousness. 4. A slight and superficial view of human nature. 5. A natural tendency to pity and compassion ; and 6. Aggravation.' The 4th and 5th chapters profess to account for the difficulties on this subject, and to answer the objections against the Dr.'s statement. We have not room to expose the various absurdities and contradictions which are involved in this strange attempt to prove, that men are happy, really, sufficiently happy, if they would but think themselves so ; that they are gloomy and desponding mortals, ' who murmur without gratitude, and complain without reason,'—There is one passage, however, which cannot be passed over without strong reprobation. It occurs in the 3d chapter, where, speaking of a pensive and melancholy disposition, as on the whole ' unfriendly to the general happiness of man,' and at the same time, as a leading cause, it seems, of the *false* opinion of the prevalence of unhappiness, he says,

' It would be idle in us here to enlarge on the the shade it casts over the sprightlier joys and satisfactions of life, when it so often renders even life itself an insupportable burden.

' Nay, so fatal is its influence, and so dreadful its fury, it has forced from some who were deeply affected with it, this singular observation, that, instead of consigning those to eternal torments, who where driven on by it to destruction, it were more reasonable to expect for them some extraordinary compensations at the hand of the Almighty.

' I will not defend an opinion so dangerous in its tendency as this. Yet surely we may say, without any fear of offence, that the sentiment is merciful, generous, and humane. And wherever this quality was so inherent in the constitution, as not to be overcome by strong resolutions and virtuous struggles, it were more charitable to hope for some particular indulgences towards it from the Throne of Grace, than to consign to endless misery those unfortunate wretches who have fallen victims to its power.

' Far different from this was the mildness and humanity of that sweet enthusiast, (Hartley) who, being persuaded that the very prospect of

death, together with the act of dying, is a sufficient argument for some future compensation, and being convinced also of the predominance of human bliss, could not think that God would expose it at last to such rude interruption, and suffer the life of his favourite creature to close in grief, in anguish, or in despair.' p. 53, 54.

We fear it will be thought that we have already bestowed an unwarrantable degree of attention on a work so worthless for any purpose which it professes to answer, and replete with sentiments so pernicious. We will not plead the importance of the subject merely—we will not adduce the imposing or at least attractive appearance of the title, or the assurance of Professor Martyn that he had 'little doubt of the favourable reception of the work by a candid public,'—as a sufficient apology; but will hasten to notice the concluding part of the *Treatise*, in which those passages occur which led us to judge of the author's design more favourably than some of the sentiments he has advanced would seem to justify. The 2nd part of the *Treatise* is on 'the nearly equal distribution of happiness among the several ranks of mankind.' In this we are gravely told that 'wisdom and knowledge are not necessary to happiness,' and in Professor Martyn's *Analysis*, that 'virtue and vice have not so great an influence as some contend for on the happiness and misery of mankind;—also, that 'they are *distributed* in portions somewhat similar to those of happiness and misery:—to such lengths of atrocious folly will a writer sometimes suffer himself to be borne in his endeavour to establish a favourite theory!—The 3d part is designed to prove that 'true happiness is to be found only in the practice of the Christian religion:—and in this the author seems, however undesignedly, to admit and to condemn the utter uselessness, not to say the desperate absurdity, of all his preceding labours.

'In what has been hitherto delivered on the subject of human felicity, my principal aim has been to establish this point:—That the degrees of happiness are pretty equally divided among the several ranks and classes of mankind.

'But still, no doubt, it will be said, that there can be little reason to boast of any considerable usefulness from the present attempt; since it is not so much the distribution of this contemptible pittance of human felicity, as a much larger and more exalted portion, that the restless enquirers after it demand. So that, instead of being satisfied with the poor amount of what has hitherto been advanced, they will be inclined to sit down in silence and despair, or break out into some such warm and passionate expostulation, as that of the Gentiles to the Apostle, "What shall we do to be substantially happy?"

‘ Nay, rather will they not cry, in the still more pathetic language of Esau to Isaac, “ Are we disappointed at last in what we esteemed the birthright of mankind? and hast not thou yet “ one blessing for us, O Father Almighty?”

‘ But let them be comforted, he has: one that is as pure, as the others are mixed; one that is as durable, as the others are transient; one that is superior to all the accidents of life, and whose all-ruling influence no affliction can subdue.

‘ Let it be also added for their farther consolation, that this blessing is as certain in its attainment, as it is great in its nature. It depends not upon outward things, or upon the breath and favour of our fellow-creatures, for which, after having used our utmost efforts, we may pine in vain; but one, from which chance is utterly excluded, and which it is in every one’s power to bestow on himself.’ p. 227—9.

The theological sentiments of this ‘ sound Divine’ need not be more particularly commented on. We shall give a few short extracts from this last part of the work, in which are found many passages that surprise us, after what we have seen, by the justness of their remarks, and which at least please by a frequently singular felicity of expression.

‘ In other religious systems, it was held sufficient to have a proper sense of virtue, and regularly to practise it in our lives. In the Christian, we are commanded to pursue it with all the powers and faculties of our souls. We are to have such an earnest and vehement desire for it, as is not to be compared, but with the keenest sensations of hunger and thirst. But then these desires cannot be more eager and fierce, than the gratification of them will be complete and full. And herein consists the visible superiority of this Christian beatitude over any other that the world can give. Our appetites in the pursuit of other objects, are oftener disappointed than satisfied; and even when the satisfaction is most complete, it generally leaves inquietude and listlessness behind. At the best, their cravings can only be allayed for a while; and they will always be liable to that sad result which our Saviour mentions to the woman of Samaria, “ Whoever drinketh of this water, shall thirst again.” Not so with those who hunger and thirst after righteousness; it is their peculiar felicity, that they can neither be disappointed of their object, nor languish in its pursuit, but that their appetite for it, and the gratification it yields, shall continue to increase for ever.

‘ Of near affinity with this, is that height, and fervour, and continuance of devotion, which naturally becomes a means of softening the passions, subduing temptations, and ennobling the affections of our nature.

‘ Under the influence of this devoutness of spirit, we soon see through the corruption of our hearts, the blindness of our appetites, and the vanity of sublunary things. We enter into the

world of spirits, and contract, as it were, a familiarity with our Maker. We taste, in some measure, the pleasures of the new world, before we have left the old, and begin to act like angelic and immaterial beings, before we are yet refined and purified from the dregs of matter.

‘ One particular branch of devotion, much exercised in the primitive times, and much recommended by the apostles, has, perhaps, a still greater influence on human happiness,—and that is intercession; which is never mentioned by St. Paul, without his adding the express testimony of its kindly influence. “ I thank my God upon every remembrance of you always, in every prayer of mine for you all, making my request with joy.”

‘ And a joy of no mean sort it must surely be, to find, that as we habituate ourselves to the performance of this duty, it chases away all the low and sordid passions, makes the heart grow great and generous, and inspires it with ardour for the common good.” pp. 231—4.

We have not room for the beautiful quotation which is given from Law.

‘ In a word, the so much talked of regeneration which Christianity effects, is in no part more conspicuous than in the exaltation of our bliss. The joy, which is justly thought to have been that of our first ancestors in a state of innocence, is likewise that of the true Christian in a state of redemption. It is not that trivial, vanishing, superficial thing, which only gilds the imagination, and plays upon the surface of the soul, but one that fills it, as God does the universe, silently and without noise. It is refreshing and exhilarating, yet composed, like the pleasantness of youth mixed with the sobriety of age, or the mirth of a festival enjoyed with the stillness of contemplation.

‘ The sense of this is in some sort delivered to us by St. Paul, in that concise description of his own condition, as well as that of his fellow labourers in the school of Christ: “ As sorrowful, yet always rejoicing.”

‘ Sorrowful, but in the outward visage—rejoicing, in the inmost heart: sorrowful sometimes, and by fits—rejoicing, in one even and constant tenour: sorrowful, but by the absence of the common incentives to festivity and mirth—rejoicing, in the higher and nobler incitements of charity and love: sorrowful, but in the eyes of those incurious observers, who think no joy considerable without revelling and noise—rejoicing, in the soberer and more impartial judgment of them, who know that the extremes both of joy and grief are still: sorrowful, it must be granted, when exposed to infamy, to torture, and to death—but rejoicing even then, in the hopes of eternity, with a joy that appears, both from its composure and duration, to be far beyond those short-lived and tumultuous sallies, which are the portion of sensual and worldly minds.’ pp. 257—9.

‘ There is danger, in all other persuasions which have no solid foundation, lest their respective votaries should suddenly awake from their

dream of enthusiasm, and by some gradual dawnings of recovered reason be convinced, that the happiness they had in view was either chimerical in itself, or unsuitable to the nature of a rational creature. While the christian, on the contrary, grows more confirmed, as he views the nature of his happiness, and more certain, as he examines its claim and pretensions. To the secret wish and inclination of his heart, are added the suggestions of uncorrupted reason; and to both, the voice and declaration of heaven. So that, at length, the two vital and animating principles of our holy faith, in a manner, work themselves into his very frame, and his whole life becomes one scene of perpetual rejoicing, that he is under the protection of a providence that will never forsake him, and in pursuit of a happiness that will never decay.' p. 243.

Our readers will, we think, coincide in our expressions of regret, that a man who was capable of writing these latter paragraphs, should not have acquired a more accurate knowledge of human nature, by walking the hospital of real life, and should not have more accurately acquainted himself with the remedy as well as the diseases of our degraded condition before he undertook to medicate the mind. One is led to apply to him what he himself quotes from Lactantius, in respect to the ancient Philosophers, that they 'rather dreamt of God, than knew him.' As a preacher, we are told he was much admired.—Our business is not with the man, but with his book. The grave has closed upon his lips, and our sentence can neither avail nor disturb him. But we cannot forbear the grateful and animating reflection, that preachers of a different stamp—divines of another school—are succeeding to general estimation. We cannot avoid thinking with what advantage this polished and popular orator might have become the scholar of one of those faithful but less literate teachers, on whose characters and humble efforts he might probably have looked down with contempt, but who understand at least two things—human nature, and the gospel; of one who, perhaps with rude hand, would brush away all the flimsy speculations and refined sophistry of the philosopher; and who, making his appeal at once to the wants and feelings of the heart, would confound, by the very foolishness of preaching, the specious wisdom of the wise. That there is some truth at the bottom of this author's representations we are not disposed to deny: we readily concede that the ways of God, in respect to the distribution of the means of happiness, are more equal than may appear at first sight;—that 'God has set one thing over against another' in the different allotments of his providence. It will not be disputed that there is a tendency in the human heart to despise or to depreciate the mercies of God, and to exaggerate the evils of our condition, in the language of rebellious murmuring, or ungrateful despon-

dency. We are disposed, also, to believe that the indiscriminate representations which some writers have given of this world, as being a scene of continued tribulation, are very injudicious. The language of allegory has often been indulged in to an excess, in point of minuteness and extent of application, which is not correspondent to the truth of things; and expressions, which originally referred to times of fierce persecution and cruelty, to the sufferings of martyrs and distinguished confessors, have been, with too little qualification, applied to the general experience, the 'common lot' of mankind. If the world is a 'wilderness,' it is not so as being barren of pleasures, for however unsubstantial and transitory the enjoyments of this life may be in comparison with the hope, and peace, and joy of the Christian, those who cannot make this comparison, will with reason deny such a statement. If it is a wilderness, it is so as it yields no nourishment to the immortal principle, and supplies no vital pleasure to the soul—because in regard to all that respects our moral wants, any substantial consolation, or any balm to the wounded spirit, it is a desert: because the life of the soul must be immediately derived from God. But though the world is a wilderness, there are in it at least some fair Oases insulated by the waste; and there is sun-shine every where. There is such a thing as human happiness. In the excursions of the intellect, in the expansion of the affections, in the discoveries of science and the creations of fancy, in the contemplation of all that beauty and glory which invest the material creation, in 'an affectionate and delightful sense of the divine perfections'—in the practice of virtue and in the 'hope of Glory'—there is a happiness to be found, not unmingled, nor uninterrupted; yet such as to entitle the possessors of it, to be distinguished from mankind as the happy; and to lay the foundation of those peculiar 'duties which the happy owe to the unhappy.'—This, after all, is the point to which all *treatises on human happiness* should conduct us; to make us identify our interests more closely with those of the great family of man, to teach us to renounce the dictates of selfish indolence, and, under a sense of high obligation, to cultivate a holy sensibility to the 'groans of the creation,' especially to the moral miseries of our fellow creatures. Let us not think we are at liberty to live for ourselves, content with, though they may be, the innocent enjoyments of life, without doing something by our actual exertion, however inconsiderable the effect, to abate the evils or assuage the sufferings of existence, and to promote the moral and eternal welfare of society.

Art. II.—*A Key to the Writings of the principal Fathers of the Christian Church*, who flourished during the first three Centuries: in Eight Sermons, preached before the University of Oxford in the Year 1813; at the Lecture founded by the Rev John Bampton, M.A., late Canon of Salisbury. By the Rev. John Collinson, M.A., Rector of Gateshead, Durham. pp. xv. 353. Rivingtons, London; Parker, Oxford, 1813.

(Concluded from page 492.)

MR. COLLINSON speaks of 'an unbroken succession of Ministers'—'a traditional line of Episcopacy from the Apostles,' p. 222, and of 'an ecclesiastical polity, framed with the greatest purity and wisdom, an Apostolical succession, a divine commission' deposited with the national clergy. p. 257. These are high-sounding terms; but what is their import, and where is their proof? Will Mr. C. affirm that any such institution as the Church of England existed during the first three centuries? Is he prepared to gratify our curiosity, and to silence our objections, by producing a table of clerical descent, in regular and uninterrupted order from the Apostles? And from which of them does he derive his own title? This is not the time for exhibiting such arrogant High Church claims,—'quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi.' The author unwilling to rest the cause of the Church on the ground of utility, insists on her authority, and prefers on her behalf the most arbitrary pretensions. But are these to be admitted without examination and without proof? If 'an apostolical succession' must be established to give validity to the office and ministrations of the Clergy, their cause is desperate. The titles of English Bishops are derived from the Church of Rome—from popish Bishops. The Church of Rome then, is either a true Church, or she is not. If she is a true Church, she has the succession, and by consequence the true doctrine; for to separate these would be to destroy at one blow the fabric which appears so goodly in Mr. Collinson's eyes. How then can he justify his separation from her communion? Is he not in this case a schismatic? If she is not a true Church, then she cannot convey a legitimate ministry, and in this case, our author and his brethren are, on their own principles, intruders into the sacred office. He may take which part he pleases of this alternative. In this scheme of 'Apostolical succession,' is character, we would ask, of importance? are we to look for the temper and conduct of the Apostles in their pretended successors? If so, the author in his endeavours to

discover them through the seven centuries preceding the Reformation, (to say nothing of the more early ages,) will find that his scheme pledges him to attempt impossibilities.

‘Hic labor — et inextricabilis error.’

And what is this boasted succession good for, if it is not as clear and intelligible in all its parts as a mathematical demonstration? If this succession could be made out, it would still devolve on its patrons to prove that the ministry was ordained by Jesus Christ to descend in one line to the end of the world. Is it to be endured that there is no true ministry of the Gospel in these lands but in the Established Church? Is it to be endured that the character and office of a minister of Christ, must, to be legitimate, be derived from popish Bishops, and that all who have not entered in by this door are thieves and robbers? What are the evidences of a legitimate ministry? Are the belief and inculcation of the doctrines of scripture, enlightened zeal, pure devotion, and correct deportment in an individual chosen by a body of Christians to be over them in the Lord? Are the conversion of sinners, and the edification of believers, evidences of a lawful and faithful ministry? Then are there many communities in these and in other lands, separate from national Churches which are the Churches of Christ, and of which the Ministers are the true pastors of his flock. If our minds are to remain undisturbed, till the supposed authority of the national Clergy be established, by proof of direct succession and power derived from the Apostles, we foresee that they will enjoy a long and profound repose. According to the doctrine of the author, we are to acknowledge such men as Popes Gregory the 7th, Alexander the 6th, Julius the 2d, and Leo the 10th,—men infamous to all generations for their vices—to be true successors of the Apostles and conservators of the Christian faith! *Crede quod habes, et habes*, might suit a dark age, or the meridian of Rome; but it is not adapted to that of Britain, nor is it calculated for the nineteenth century. Proofs, not assumptions, are the grounds of our confidence. ‘Should a wise man utter vain knowledge, and fill his belly with the east-wind?’

We always regret when our critical duty compels us to impeach the fair dealing of an author. We have already pointed out the misrepresentations respecting the Dissenters which this work contains, and have attributed them to the ignorance and prejudice of Mr. Collinson, rather than to wilful design, though we consider him responsible for the charges, which, without discrimination and without proof, he has dealt forth against them. We shall afford our readers an opportunity of

judging for themselves with what propriety Mr. C. declares that he has been, in matters purely ecclesiastical, 'solicitous to act the part of a faithful reporter.' We mean not to question his veracity, but only to shew the nature and force of his prejudices.

It is incumbent upon a writer, when he professedly attempts to ascertain ancient usages, or has engaged to represent them fairly, especially should he attach great importance to the observance, and severely reprobate the neglect, of them, impartially to examine his authorities, and accurately to state the results of his investigation. Mr. Collinson's statements are partial, and calculated to mislead his reader. He suppresses the whole evidence on one side of the question. He is to be viewed as a partizan, and has no pretensions, founded on this work, to the character of a judicious and impartial inquirer. We shall have no difficulty in proving our assertions. 'We find,' he says, 'three orders of Clergy mentioned by the Fathers, and Bishops always in the first place.' p. 212. As evidence of this assertion we have the following sentence from Clement of Alexandria. 'οἱ ἐνταῦθα κατὰ τὴν ἐκκλησίαν πρεσβυταί,

ἐπισκόπων, πρεσβυτέρων, διακόνων, μιμήματα ἱερᾶς ἀγγελικῆς διέξεως.' Strom. Lib. 6. Here, it is true, the term Bishops occurs in the first place. This, however, is only one example to which we can oppose others. If Mr. C. will take down his Clement and turn to page 264, he will see his assertion completely refuted.

μοῖαι δ' ὅσαι ὑποδύκται, εἰς προσωτὰ ἐκλέκτα διατίθενται, ἐγγεγραμμέναι ταῖς ἐκκλησίαις ταῖς ἀγίαις· οἱ μὲν πρεσβυτέρους, οἱ δὲ ἐπισκόπους, οἱ δὲ διάκονους.' Paedag. Lib. 3. ch. 12. Ed. Par. 1641. Here *Presbyters* are mentioned in the first place. We also refer Mr. C. to the following passages 'καὶ μὲν καὶ τὸν τῆς μιᾶς γυναικὸς ἀνδρὰ πᾶν ἀποδέχεται, καὶ ἂν πρεσβύτερος ᾖ, καὶ ἂν διάκονος, καὶ ἂν λαϊκός, ἀντιλήπτως γὰρ ἡμεῖς ὀνομαζόμενοι.' Strom. Lib. 3. p. 464. In this passage Clement evidently refers to the third chapter of Paul's first Epistle to Timothy in which the word ἐπίσκοπος answers to Clement's πρεσβυτηρος.

If ἐπίσκοπος, were a term of different import from πρεσβυτηρος, denoting another, and a higher order in the Church, we are confident that Clement would have used it in this sentence. Our next quotation is equally satisfactory. 'ομοίως καὶ κατὰ τὴν ἐκκλησίαν, τὴν μὲν βελτιωτικὴν οἱ πρεσβύτεροι σώζουσιν, τὴν ὑπηρετικὴν δὲ, οἱ διάκονοι.' Strom. Lib. 7. p. 700.

From these passages we may, without fear of contradiction, assert that ἐπίσκοπος and πρεσβύτερος are, in the writings of Clements Alexandrinus, terms of the same application, and denote the same office. The passage cited by Mr. Collinson, considered in its connexion, is so far from proving his assumption that it makes directly against it, and is presumptive of two orders only in the Church. Instead of all the early Fathers mentioning three orders of Clergy, as his lan-

guage implies, Clemens Romanus, Polycarp, Irenæus, and Clemens Alexandrinus, at least, are witnesses on the other side.

The documents which our author has examined are decisive as to the authority of the people in Christian Churches, and their direct influence in their proceedings. Why has he concealed this fact? Did he fear lest his readers, on learning the direct interest which the people possessed in the primitive Churches, and the share which they had in the choice of ecclesiastical officers, and in the public discipline, should bring into comparison, a *Church* in which the people possess no power; and infer, from this essential difference, that she is not formed after an apostolic model? ‘Τα προστασσομενα υπο του πληθους.’—The thing ordained by the multitude.—‘Συνευδοκησας της εκκλησιας πασης’—With the approbation of the whole assembly, or Church—are expressions used by Clemens Romanus, the former in relation to the censures of the Church, the latter in connexion with the settlement of Christian pastors. The last quotation belongs to a paragraph, part of which Mr. C. has cited*; he can best tell why he has omitted it. He quotes plentifully from Cyprian in favour of episcopal authority, but takes not the least notice of the following and of many other passages of a similar kind, all of them decisive as to the influence of the people even towards the close of the third century. In reference to the question agitated concerning the lapsed, Cyprian writes ‘Examinabuntur singula præsentiis et judicantibus vobis.’ ‘Every thing shall be submitted to your (the people’s) consideration and judgement.’ Cypriani Opera Ed. Brem. 1690. Ep. 17. Offenders were not to be restored to the communion of the Church till they had submitted their cause to the whole body of the people. ‘Temerarii et incauti et tumidi quidam inter vos.—acturi et apud nos, et apud Confessores ipsos, et apud plebem universam

* Και μεταξὺ ἐπινομήν δεδοκατιν, ὅπως εἰν κοιμηθῶσιν, διαδέξωνται ἑτέροι διδοκιμασμένοι ἄνδρες τὴν λειτουργίαν αὐτῶν, is rendered by Mr. Collinson ‘they (the Apostles) directed that there should be a succession of approved Ministers,’ by which translation he would give some plausibility to the wild scheme of ‘Apostolical succession’ asserted in this work. The words import only the care of the first teachers of the Gospel that faithful men should take their office, and they convey a sense which may, with strict propriety, be applied to Presbyterian, or Independent, or any other Ministers anxious for the support of true Religion after their decease. Wake’s is a better version.—‘They gave direction how, when they should die, other chosen and approved men should succeed in their ministry.’

causam suam.' Epist. 16. The Bishop of Carthage was chosen to his office 'populi universi suffragio' by the suffrage of all the people,—'plebe præsente,' the people being present,—'et cum plebe ipsa universa,' and with all the people,—'suffragio vestro,' with your approbation:—expressions of frequent occurrence in the Epistles of Cyprian. Why has Mr. Collinson omitted all reference to them? Did he presume on the ignorance of Dissenters? Since, according to him, learning in their balance is as chaff, he perhaps imagined that they could not follow him into the records of antiquity, to examine his testimonies, and to detect his transgressions. Dissenters, however, have balances in which they can weigh the sentences of a Greek or a Latin Father. Mr. C. too is weighed in the balance and found wanting.

'Ignatius and Cyprian mention three orders of Clergy:—but what do their testimonies prove?—that these were established universally in the Apostolic Churches? and that no innovation had been introduced upon the primitive custom? No such thing. Both these writers use expressions in speaking of the ministry, which are never employed by the Apostles, and at which their minds would have revolted. The office itself was unimportant in *their* eyes, separate from the faithful discharge of its duties, and the effects which it was the instrument of producing.

'Ignatius,' says our author, 'delivers injunctions of obedience to Bishops so excessive that the terms are scarcely defensible.' p. 170—'Cyprian cannot be exonerated from the charge of an imperious spirit in church discipline.' p. 159.

Both these Fathers may, in fact, be considered as bearing witness to the early departure of some Churches from the first usage; and as shewing that the process, by which power was transferred from the people to the ministers of the Church, and, at last, after a lapse of many ages, consolidated in one Universal Ecclesiastical Dominion, had already commenced. Their sentiments prove nothing as to the general practice in this business of clerical orders, and as little in regard of their authority. We have known Dissenting Ministers use very extravagant language in describing their office; from which, however, it would be very erroneous to conclude that they were superior in any thing to their brethren, unless, indeed, it were in self-importance, or that all Dissenting Ministers were possessed of the authority which they challenge for them.

That in the Apostolic Churches there existed only the offices of Bishops and Deacons, does not admit a doubt. The 'Acts of the Apostles' and the 'Epistles,' fully prove that these were the only ministers of the Church: and they are am-

ply sufficient for all the purposes of instruction and discipline. Πρεσβυτεροὶ and ἐπισκοποι are appellatives descriptive of the very same persons, Acts xx. 17, 28. The πρεσβυτεροὶ were ἐπισκοποι, and the ἐπισκοποι were πρεσβυτεροὶ.

‘But,’ says Mr. Collinson, ‘it is generally acknowledged that those churches which discard the very name of Bishop cannot be modelled after the primitive establishment*. The name implies the office, and unless an appropriate function had been annexed to it the term would not have been introduced into the early church.’ p. 209.

This is very extraordinary language. We never heard of this general acknowledging, and we wish that the author had favoured us with some particulars of it. All the essentials of Christianity—every requisite and every mark of a true Church, may be ‘discarded,’ and the name of Bishop, retained. How idle is it to attribute importance to a mere name! The Churches to which the apostle Peter addressed his Epistles were certainly formed on the primitive model; yet he never uses the word Bishop to designate their ministers; he styles them πρεσβυτεροὶ, and himself πρεσβυτερος. In ascertaining the true Churches of Christ, names are of no consequence; for which is of importance, the name, or the thing signified by it? Overseer is just as proper in English as is ἐπίσκοπος in Greek, in its application to a Christian minister; and if any religious society employs this term, there is no violation of primitive order in its use. The word Bishop conveys, to modern ears, notions very different from those imported in ἐπίσκοπος, as used in the New Testament. In the first Apology of Justin Martyr, we have a description of the Church and of its ministers; the term appropriated to him who officiated in spiritual things, is not Bishop, but President; προεστως is the word used. Should a Christian congregation denominate their minister, president, would it not therefore be modelled after the primitive form? ‘An appropriate function was annexed to the name Bishop.’ What function? Precisely that which belonged to the προεστως of Justin, and to the πρεσβυτερος of Clemens Romanus and Peter. ‘To feed the flock of God, taking the oversight, not by constraint, but willingly, not for filthy lucre, but of a ready mind, neither as being lords over God’s heritage, but examples to the flock.’ The duties appropriate to the function are to teach publicly, to administer the ordinances of religion, ‘to inspect the flock,’ and, on all occasions re-

* The Bishop of Lincoln acknowledges ‘that there is no precept in the New Testament, which commands, that every church should be governed by bishops.’ *Elements of Christian Theology*, vol. ii. p. 396. We claim the benefit of this concession against Mr. Collinson’s assumption.

quiring discipline, to be the organ of the society. The office to which these belong, is expressed with equal propriety whether the word be *ἐπισκοπος*, or *πρεσβυτερος*, or *προεστως*, or *ηγουμενος*, or *αγγελος*: all these terms occur in the New Testament, and in ancient writers, expressive of the same office, and applied to the same persons, the ministers of Christian communities, bishop or overseer, or presbyter, or president, or leader, or messenger, may, in perfect consistency with primitive usage, be respectively applied by any body of Christians to their minister. Since our author regards names as so important, we must remind him that he has not shewn us the particulars in which modern Bishops resemble primitive *ἐπισκοποι*.—That in the survey which he has taken of the early Fathers, he has not found any such names as Archbishop, Dean, Archdeacon, Chancellor, Canon, with a long et cetera;—that he has not found a liturgical service or canonical habits established in the Church, nor its censures followed by civil disabilities and pains,—nor is he able to produce a single instance of the appointment of Christian pastors in opposition to the voice of the people, or without their approbation. So far then is the Church, on the behalf of which he advances these high claims, and arrogates such authority, from being truly and exclusively Apostolical, that in the characteristic features of the first Churches, she is essentially wanting. In the above, and in many other particulars, she has innovated on the first ages, and departed from the simplicity that is in Christ: she cannot plead the authority of the New Testament for one of them. Nothing in the Church of Rome is more of the nature of a tradition, than that ‘Apostolic succession’ of which the author so much boasts. The reader has only to recollect the substance of the foregoing sentences in perusing the following quotation from Cyprian, adopted by Mr. Collinson in his arguments against the Romanists, to perceive how forcibly he can reason, on the only solid ground of the sufficiency of scripture, against the pretensions and usurpations of ecclesiastical monopolists. ‘Whence is this tradition? Is it delivered down to us on the authority of the Lord and of the Gospel, or from the precepts and writings of the Apostles? If, therefore, it is prescribed in the gospels, or contained in the ‘Epistles,’ or in the ‘Acts of the Apostles,’ by all means let this divine and holy tradition be observed. What obstinacy! what presumption to prefer the tradition of men to the divine ordinance, without considering that God is angry and provoked, whenever human tradition breaks and overlooks the divine commands!’ It is impossible for the author to resist the force of this reasoning in its application to the prescriptions of his own Church. Whatever has not the direct authority and sanction of the New Testament, and is yet made essential to communion in any Church, is in the same predicament with

the traditions of the Romanists. 'Is it delivered down to us on the authority of the Lord, and of the Gospel?'—this is the question to be asked in relation to every religious claim.

This author is another instance, in addition to the many which we could adduce, of the inconsistencies into which men fall, who, in resisting the assumed authority of one religious monopoly, plead for that of another. The sufficiency of the scriptures for every religious purpose, the direct responsibility of man to God for his religious opinions, and the unfettered freedom of the mind in determining the import of the divine word, are the principles on which the great secession from the Romish Church was conducted. The departure from these principles, in a protestant, must betray him into palpable absurdities, when advocating the cause of exclusive establishments in religion. He must assume a double character. In this manner does the author of the present work exhibit himself. He assails Dissenters with weapons borrowed from the Romanists: he combats the Romanists with arms furnished from the magazine of Dissenters. His assumptions involve him in perplexities from which he is utterly unable to extricate himself. The Romanists very justly allege that the power of enforcing obedience to religious dictates must be associated with infallibility; and cannot be exercised by a Church which admits her liability to error. 'The Romanists,' says Mr. Collinson, 'think that they enclose us in the following dilemma, namely, that although we affirm there is no infallible authority on earth, we yet claim obedience to our ecclesiastical laws.' p. 241. What does he say in reply to this? Why, he says, in the first place, that 'in the all important concern of his salvation, every individual has a right to read the Bible for himself;' and, secondly, that 'those who agree in principal points of doctrine with the articles of faith proposed by the national Church, ought to conform to the laws of that Church in matters of order and discipline; and that contention and opposition on inferior topics, betoken pride and obstinacy, and incur the guilt of rebellion and schism.' p. 242. But this is, in fact, saying nothing. We want to be informed on *what grounds* obedience to the laws of the national Church, in matters of order and discipline, is demanded; and what are the obligations on which this claim is set up. These ought, by all means, to be clearly defined, and Mr. C. has omitted an essential part of the business in passing them by. Is he to be accounted rebellious and schismatical, who resists a claim till the reasons of it are assigned? We are glad in again meeting the assertion that 'every man has a right to read the Bible for himself in the concerns of his salvation;' but has he not an equal right to read it for himself in every other respect?

—in matters of order and discipline too? If it appear to any man, on the perusal of his Bible, that 'in matters of order and discipline' the requisitions of the Church are without the support of the scriptures, and that observances opposed to its spirit, are bound upon the conscience—is he not at liberty to resist them, and to unite himself with that society, the order and discipline of which he approves? Is his conscience to be *compelled* in any thing which is a part of religion, either in its internal existence and operation, or in its external relations? If the consequences of a man's reading the Bible for himself, should be his conviction that some of the doctrines of the Church are not contained in the Bible, what course would Mr. Collinson prescribe in this case? Must not separation from the Church be the result? Is it consistent with integrity for any man to sanction that which he seriously regards as error? We should be obliged by his opinion on this case which *he* must admit to be neither imaginary nor rare, since according to this exposition of the doctrines of the Church, 'Baptism confers justification.' As to the affair of 'schism,' we must be allowed to think that the insisting on rigid conformity in things indifferent, and the denying of indulgence to tender consciences, betoken pride and obstinacy, and incur guilt of a more solid kind than that which the author awards to his imaginary instances of rebellion. This whole affair is much better managed by the Romanists: they assert the infallibility of their Church, and, very consistently with this assumption, demand obedience to her decrees, and punish with fetters and with flames the heretics and rebels who dissent from her communion. That Church which demands obedience to her laws, and which denominates non-compliance schism and rebellion, should be infallible. The author concedes the fallibility of his Church, and yet contends for her exclusive authority. We, however, are the disciples of another school, in which we were taught that an erring or fallible authority is, in religion, no authority at all.

'The great and increasing evil in the Church at the present day is schism.' p. 225. There is much truth in these words, considered as a description of the existing state of the national Church. But this is not the sense in which it is intended they should be understood. The evil is 'defection from the Church,' and Dissentients are the criminals. It may not be improper to consider with what propriety the charge of schism is preferred against them by certain writers, including this Bampton Lecturer. He asserts that 'the true foundation of the clerical order is the commission of Christ conveyed by an apostolic succession in the true Church.' 'Now

as the orders of the English Clergy have been derived from the Romish Clergy, it is impossible for him to deny that the latter are the true pastors of Christ's flock—the direct successors of the Apostles, the ministers of Christ who bear his commission. In withdrawing from the Church of Rome, he and his brethren incur the guilt of schism and rebellion. But, say they, the Church of Rome was corrupt. A Church corrupt which had the true clerical orders! and over which the direct successors of the Apostles were presiding! Was she corrupt in doctrine, or in discipline, or in both? In doctrine, says our author, p. 166, 192. What, then, are 'the true clerical orders' and 'an apostolical succession' good for, if they be no security for pure doctrine, and preserve not the true religion? Admitting the corruptions of this Church, who were the judges of them? This is the point. Certainly they who made the separation. Thus then runs the parallel—you withdrew from the Church of Rome on account of *her* corruptions; and we withdraw from you on the account of *your* corruptions; *you* yourselves were judges of those corruptions, and acted from *your* convictions; and *we* are judges for ourselves, and act on *our* convictions. If these be legitimate grounds of separation on *your* part; they are equally valid on *ours*. Then as to the schism of the case; if you denominate our separation *schism*; the Church of Rome calls yours *rebellion*, and the parallel is complete. It is impossible for a Churchman to vindicate himself without justifying Dissenters: it is impossible for him to censure Dissenters without condemning himself. Where then is the justice or the good sense of Mr. Collinson's declamations against Dissenters as schismatics? Into what preposterous absurdities do High Church notions lead men, otherwise, perhaps, neither irrational nor uncandid! With the doctrine maintained in this work, a satisfactory vindication of the Reformation cannot be produced: for every argument by which it is justified, is an argument of irresistible force in the justification of Protestant Dissenters.

From the frequency and boldness with which charges of schism are preferred against Dissenters by the Clergy, it might be supposed that they themselves were 'perfectly joined together in the same mind and in the same judgement;' and that the Church was distinguished by an entire uniformity of doctrine. Nothing, however, is more remote from fact. The Church includes every kind and every degree of religious opinion. She has 'an act of Uniformity,' and articles of faith which all her Clergy must subscribe, *ex animo*; but their sense is undetermined, and the interpretations they give of them are the reverse of each other. The creeds of her ministers are antipodes of each other, and the greatest diversity of doctrine

is taught from her pulpits. Of the Clergy, some are Calvinists, others, Arminians; some are Arians, others, Socinians; some, disciples of Swedenborg, and others, admirers of Johanna Southcott. Bishop Tomline, Professor Marsh, Mr. Collinson, and many other persons of eminent station in the Church, strenuously maintain that 'Baptism confers justification;—and that this is the doctrine of the Church;' while other writers, on behalf of the same Church, assure us that her articles have no such meaning, and that the dogma is erroneous and dangerous. Now, in ascertaining the doctrine of the Church, whose interpretation are we to receive as the true one,—Bishop Tomline's, or Mr. Scott's? Mr. Clowes's, or Mr. Fellowes's? How idle is it to boast of the soundness of a creed, and of the excellence of formularies, the sense of which is not settled, and which are the subject of angry contention! It is worse than idle for the ministers of a Church which presents the spectacle of intestine warfare, and who neither accord in religious sentiments, nor are united together in Christian love, to fulminate censures against the schism, supposed or real, of other Churches. It is perfectly ridiculous in Mr. Collinson to urge the 'use and necessity of articles and formularies of faith,' and to represent them as 'fences to scripture and preservatives of pure doctrine,' p. 130. in opposition to the records of ecclesiastical history, and to existing facts.

In opposing the pretensions of the Romish Church, p. 180. he seizes on the differences subsisting in that Church as an irresistible argument against her authority, and very justly observes that 'they cause her infallibility to wither in the root.' 'Here,' he says, p. 181. 'is another instance of disagreement and contradiction among themselves, in a society of men, who, in this respect, are indeed like the rest of the world, yet have the vanity to proclaim that they always teach the same things! Are the differences and contradictions existing in the Church for which he pleads less fatal to her pretensions? We would advise the Clergy to look for the real cause of their alarms, not in other Churches, but in their own,—*intus est hostis*:—to 'heal their own divisions' ere they attempt the cure of others; and to cease from the unmeaning clamours of schism and rebellion against those over whom they can have no spiritual jurisdiction. When they agree in the interpretation of the articles which they have subscribed—when they teach from their pulpits the same doctrine—when they all mind the same thing, and when there is no division amongst them—the use and necessity of articles,' will receive illustration. Before, it would be perfect folly to give their charges a moment's attention.

We do not mean to affirm that there can be no such thing as schism, or to deny that it is an evil: but we are prepared to prove that the true notion of schism is different from that entertained by the author; and that it does not attach to the secession of Dissenters from the national Church. Christian Churches must be formed by voluntary association: no man can belong to them by compulsion. On his admission into the Church every person pledges himself to obey the laws of Christ, which particularly enjoin, in this connexion, the cultivation of an affectionate temper towards his Christian associates. In this manner were the primitive Churches formed under the eye of the Apostles. In these societies great indulgence was extended to those prejudices and opinions which did not affect the great doctrines of faith, and mutual forbearance on minor points was exercised by the members of them. Love was the basis of their union, and the harmony of the society was the primary object of regard. Whatever disturbed this tranquillity, and alienated the affections of the brethren from each other, was schism. Did any one endeavour to introduce distinctions, to exalt himself above another, to attach importance to things indifferent, and to make them terms of communion?—he was a schismatic. He was the blame-worthy party, and not the persons who resisted the innovations. No uniformity, it must be remembered, was enjoined in the primitive Church in the case of things indifferent in themselves. Here great latitude was allowed. The weak brother was not to be received to doubtful disputations. No encroachment was permitted on another's conscience. Every man was to be fully persuaded in his own mind, and to leave his fellow Christians in the enjoyment of the same privilege. With these facts before us, let us examine the requisitions and proceedings of that Church which claims to be truly and exclusively Apostolical, and to dissent from which 'incurs the guilt of schism.' Does she allow of the primitive liberty in things indifferent? Does she regard the scruples of tender consciences? No. She *insists* on a rigid uniformity, even in the shape and colour of a vestment, and in the most trifling of her rites and ceremonies. She *enforces* the use of the 'surplice, and the sign of the cross in baptism,' with unsparing severity. She cast out into the world to suffer and to perish, two thousand of her ministers, not because they were immoral—not because they were unapt to teach—not because they disbelieved the doctrines of faith—in all these respects they were irreprovable—but because they refused to sacrifice the honest scruples of their consciences on points which no primitive Church would have established. The guilt of schism was,

his instance, incurred, not by those who were cast out, but by those who cast them out.

This is a case to which the Apostolic expostulation has pointed application! Why dost thou judge thy brother, or why dost thou set at nought thy brother, for we shall all stand before the judgement seat of Christ? The Act of Uniformity, demanding 'assent and consent to all and every thing contained in the Book of Common Prayer,' necessarily produced a separation from the Church, unless we pronounce that those who did not believe every thing contained in the formularies prescribed by it, ought to have practised in opposition to their consciences. Mr. Collinson must admit that the Non-conformists acted as upright men, or he must sanction the most shameful duplicity, and plead for an external union founded on hypocrisy and perjury. Were these Separatists to be without public religion? Assuredly not. The scriptures are amply sufficient to direct a company of Christians in every thing pertaining to social worship and order. The Churches formed by the Non-conformists were true Churches of Christ; the name of Bishop could add nothing either to their validity or to their excellence. So long as the maxim 'we ought to obey God rather than man' shall be of value, and integrity shall retain its worth, so long will the conduct of the early Non-conformists command veneration.

The part they acted, in offering sacrifices so costly on the altar of a pure conscience, fixes our admiration; and exhibits a noble example for imitation in every professional difficulty of a like nature. With a heroism inspired by heaven, they resisted unto blood, striving against sin; and pressed onwards to reach the heights of immortality. They gathered their laurels, not on the ensanguined fields of political warfare, but in the retirements to which they were compelled to retreat, amidst the sufferings through which they passed, and in the seasons in which they languished and died. They are gone to the abodes of the just, and to the rewards of the faithful. Their memories are destined to imperishable renown;—'the righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance;'—nor is deathless fame their sole or their greatest reward; to them belong the promises imparted in the promise of God,—'He that overcometh shall inherit all things.'

Of these Christian Confessors, and of their predecessors, the Puritans, Mr. C. thus writes:

Reformed churches have been occasionally debased by the prevalence of a mystical and puritanical spirit, which as far removed from true obedience to Christ's laws, as officious flattery dif-

fers from the constant sedulity of faithful friendship. This country unfortunately furnishes ample historical proof, that professions of fastidious nicety and extreme scrupulousness of conscience are more certain tokens of little, than of pure, minds.

‘—Meek and humble-mouthed—their hearts
Were cramm’d with arrogancy, spleen, and pride.’ p. 122.

Venerable and holy men! of whom the world was not worthy: ‘the salt of the earth’—‘the light of the world’—ye Herveys and Baxters—ye Henrys and Bateses and Flavels—

‘Men whose life, learning, faith, and pure intent,
‘Would have been held in high esteem with Paul!’—

Are your memories thus insulted? But, we trust, it is altogether unnecessary for us to multiply words for the purpose of exciting, in any of our readers, just feelings towards the sentiments and language of Mr. Collinson in the above extract. It is a trial to us to suppress our rising indignation.

The basis of religious liberty is the right, sacred and inviolable, which every individual possesses of inquiring for himself in religious matters, and of acting to the full extent of his convictions. This right, in its claim and exercise, is the first privilege and duty of man: it is an inseparable adjunct of humanity. He cannot surrender it to another; nor is it in the power of any creature to deprive him of it, and be guiltless. No man, how eminent soever for wisdom, or learning, or rank, and no body of men, can dictate to another what he shall believe or practise in religion, or attach disabilities and penalties to non-compliance with their prescriptions. Religion is purely and directly an affair between a man’s conscience and his Maker. Every other party is positively excluded from this sanctuary. Intrusion on this ground is criminal; it is the consecrated property, the inalienable inheritance of man, in every country and in every age. It belongs by equal right to the peasant and to the prince. Religion cannot enter into consideration in the institutes of civil society, nor form any part of the duties of civil legislation: it cannot be established by law. *Ne quid detrimenti capiat Respublica*, bounds the duties of civil governors, whose office has no relation to a spiritual dominion. It is evident, from its very nature, that religion cannot be the subject of dictation or controul by states or human tribunals; for on the supposition that a man’s religion is wrong, that the scriptures are incorrectly interpreted, that erroneous sentiments are imbibed, that the dispositions of the heart, which God requires and approves, are wanting;—who can decide on the motives and circumstances which influence and determine the judgement, but that Being who searches the heart? He alone is

competent to the cognizance of our religious opinions and habits ; and, therefore, our responsibility for our religious decisions and conduct, stands in direct relation to the tribunal of God—an unerring tribunal—where sincerity can be distinguished from hypocrisy, truth from error ; and all the mistakes, and prejudices, and obstinacy of the mind, detected and impartially considered. All compulsory interference in religion is wrong. So far, therefore, are those who choose and judge for themselves in religious matters, from arrogating to themselves any thing which does not belong to them, that they are exercising a right inseparable from rational agency, the abandonment of which would expose them to the judgement and displeasure of God. Mr. Collinson, we suppose, would allow that Luther, Calvin, Jewel, Cranmer, and other Reformers, possessed the right of judging for themselves in religious concerns, but was this their property by any peculiar charter ? was it not a right to which every other man has an equal claim ? Every man must, therefore, determine for himself in all that pertains to religion ; and his associating with others in religious worship and fellowship, must be his own voluntary act. If a man choose ‘ to follow the regular ministrations of the Clergy,’ no one has any right to interdict him. If any individual prefer our author’s ministry to that of any other Clergyman, he is at perfect liberty to attend upon it. Should any person choose rather to frequent the meeting-house of the Independents or of the Presbyterians, or the chapel of the Methodists, he is entirely free from all human control. The human mind is entirely free, in its religious acts, from the restraints of human power ; and admits only the control of the divine will, as revealed in the scriptures, on the import of which it is itself to decide. To abandon this principle, is to commit a direct outrage on human nature, to invade the divine prerogative, to justify persecution, effectually to prevent all transition from error to truth, and to pass sentence of condemnation upon the Reformers of every nation and of every age.

Mr. Collinson, in his arguments against the Romanists, very properly desires ‘ an explanation of the term Church’ as used by them. He must permit us, in our turn, to address the same request to him, and to inquire what *he* means by the term Church ! Does he not maintain that ‘ the Church has power to decree rites, and ceremonies, and authority in matters of faith ?’* What then is this Church ? ‘ A congregation of faithful

* Every Christian must cordially approve of the primary law of the ‘ British and Foreign Bible Society,’ by which it is enacted,

men' has no such power. The ministers of the Church have no such right: for all the Bishops and Clergy together cannot alter any of the rites or ceremonies of the Church, or decree an article of any kind. This power resides in the King and Parliament. Every novice in ecclesiastical history knows that the primary separation of the Church of England from the Church of Rome, originated in circumstances far different from the resolution of the Clergy to detach themselves from the latter, and to form a purer community. It was produced by the restless passions of Henry the Eighth, inflamed by resentment against the papal see, which opposed obstacles to their gratification. On this occasion, *in opposition to the Clergy*, that monarch transferred the ecclesiastical supremacy from the Pope to himself; and, by an act of Parliament passed in his reign, obedience was demanded to 'whatsoever his Majesty shall enjoin in matters of religion.' It was the royal authority which separated the Church of England from the papal dominion, and the same authority changed the national religion, in Mary's reign from protestantism to popery, and in Elizabeth's, from popery again to protestantism, when the Church was established on its present basis. The governors of the Church are the King and the Parliament of England, who have the 'power of decreeing rites and ceremonies, and authority in matters of faith.' The King appoints the Bishops of this Church, and many of her inferior ministers. Universities and Noblemen present whom they will to many benefices—these and other individuals introduce, to spiritual offices in the Church, persons generally unknown to the people, without their consent, and frequently in opposition to their wishes. Will Mr. Collinson assert that these things are according to the primitive model? will he prove to us that Jesus Christ has invested kings, and civil magistrates, and parliaments with spiritual authority? Does he deny the right of every individual to decide for himself in every religious particular, and of every Christian society to choose its own ministers?—let him then inform us who are

that the copies of the English version of the scriptures circulated by the Society, shall be without note or comment. May we be permitted to remark that, in some instances, the summary of contents prefixed to the chapters, is of the nature of a comment—we have compared copies of the 12mo. editions of 1813, printed at London, Cambridge, and Oxford, and have noticed that the following sentence, prefixed to the 149th Psalm, is retained in the Oxford Bible but omitted in the London and Cambridge Bibles. 'The prophet exhorteth to praise God—for that power which he hath given to the Church to rule the consciences of men.' This distinction singular and curious:

the persons to whom it belongs to examine and to judge for others in religious concerns, and to dictate to them what they shall believe and practise, and in what way they became possessed of such power. He must be fully sensible of his utter inability to satisfy our inquiries. What then becomes of his lofty assumptions? Is he at liberty to denounce every person as a schismatic who believing that Jesus Christ is the sole legislator in his own Church, alone possessed of authority in matters of faith, and that the New Testament contains the laws of his kingdom, regulates his religious faith and practice by them? Are ignorance and bigotry, by associating political disaffection with religious principles, to be allowed the privilege of affixing a stigma on the character of men, who, by endeavouring to maintain a good conscience, aspire to the approbation of God?

Had the author founded the claims of the Church on the ground of utility, and placed this ecclesiastical institution in the order of *expedients* for the promotion of Christianity, his work would have challenged another mode of examination: but as he has taken a different method, representing the Church as a religious monopoly, denying to every other body of Christians, the right of exhibiting the common salvation, and to their ministers the character of true pastors; we have felt it to be our duty to expose such arrogance; and to assert the fundamental and inviolable principle of protestantism—‘the sufficiency of the scriptures to guide man in religion, and the equal right of all to examine them. ‘The Bible alone is the Religion of Protestants.’*

In the observations which a sense of public justice has impelled us to lay before them, we disclaim all hostility towards men whose opinions differ from our own. We esteem very highly in love every Christian minister who preaches Christ Jesus the Lord—who warns every man, and teaches every man, in all wisdom, seeking not his own profit, but the profit of many that they may be saved: whether the parish-church, or the meeting-

* We are perfectly ready to ‘learn from the example of the fathers,’ from their very mistakes, to be firm but not unbending; to make concessions upon doubtful and unimportant points; to be satisfied, ‘if there cannot be perfect concord among Christians to have peace,’ and should be truly happy in perceiving the recommendation of the author sanctioned by his taking the lead in the good work of conciliation. But when were exclusive monopolists in religion known to make concessions? these must be all on one side of the question. Men must surrender conscience for peace, or be branded as schismatics and rebels, subverters of social order, decency, and law. *Ubi solitudines faciunt, pacem appellant.*

house be the place in which he ministers. We are not so blind as not to perceive much that is blamable in the Churches of Dissenters, who, in many essential qualities, are not better than their fathers. We must particularly mark that flippancy which we have observed, in more instances than we could have wished, associated in young Dissenting Ministers with a very moderate share of acquirements. These admissions are not in the least inconsistent with any of our preceding remarks, which being adapted to the general assertions of the work before us, excluded all particular and minute specification. Persecution in every form and in every degree we perfectly abhor, reckoning it absolutely incompatible with our principles to injure, either in person or in property, the man whose religious sentiments differ from our own; to attempt to obscure his reputation; or to calumniate his principles. We acknowledge and respect, in every man, the rights of conscience. In every endeavour to correct the errors of such as may appear to us mistaken, we would proceed as in a labour of love; and for the support of our principles we employ no other means than sober argument and consistent example. 'The weapons of our warfare are not carnal.'

It is to us matter of sincere congratulation, that the times which are passing over us, are marked by more correct notions of religious liberty than those which prevailed in former periods;—that statesmen, profiting by the instructive page of history, have learned the lessons of a better policy, and hold over the subject, whatever be the complexion of his religious sentiments, the shield of protection;—and that, in the more congenial spirit with which Christians of various denominations regard each other, prophecy is receiving its accomplishment—'Ephraim shall not envy Judah, and Judah shall not vex Ephraim.' We contemplate, with admiration and delight, the excellent institutions of our times, in which, without compromise of principle, all good men of every Church can combine their efforts for the diffusion of the religion of Christ, in comparison with which, every party interest and every name is as chaff. We should ever remember, that in all true Christians, there is an identity, which, in the present imperfect state, is perfectly consistent with great external diversity; circumstances of the latter kind should never be allowed to assume such importance as to produce alienation of heart in any of Christ's disciples. But this is the necessary tendency of exclusive monopolies in religion. The design of the Gospel, we should never suffer ourselves to forget, is to conduct men to a world of order; and to unite, in one great and permanent bond of love, the real followers of Christ.

Art. III. *Voyage round the World, in the Years 1803, 4, 5, and 6, by Order of His Imperial Majesty Alexander the First, on Board the Ships Nadeshda and Neva, under the command of Captain A. Y. Von Krusenstern, of the Imperial Navy. Translated from the Original German, by Richard Belgrave Hoppner, Esq. 4to. pp. about 750. Two Coloured Prints, and a Chart of the North-west Part of the Pacific Ocean. Price 2l. 12s. 6d. Murray, 1812.*

Voyages and Travels in various Parts of the World, during the Years 1803, 4, 5, 6, and 7. By G. H. Von Langsdorff, Aulic Counsellor to His Majesty the Emperor of Russia, Consul-General at the Brazils, Knight of the Order of St. Anne, and Member of various Academies and learned Societies. 4to. pp. 370. Fourteen Engravings. Price 2l. 12s. 6d. Colburn, 1813.

THESE are the first two of perhaps half a dozen quarto volumes which our greedy literature will soon have acquired from the late Russian adventure round the world. A translation of a second volume of Langsdorff is already before the public; several months back there was an announcement of a translation, just ready to appear, of an account of the voyage by Captain Lisianskoy, who commanded the Neva; Dr. Tilesius, one of the philosophers of the expedition, intends publishing some sketches of natural history, which also ought to have a fair chance among us; and it would be most unreasonable to expect that M. de Resanoff, the chief of the embassy to Japan, should deem his important share of the expedition competently celebrated, till his own account of its progress and conclusion shall have been added,—especially as these first narratives will have conveyed no very flattering notion of his conduct or sufficiency.

The present state of the public feeling with respect to Russia, will undoubtedly insure our booksellers against loss in bringing into our language the whole product of the German or Russian presses relating to this voyage. The interest, however, which the people of this country will take in the story, will not be wholly such as we are accustomed to feel in contemplating the exertions of a mighty power. It will be that kind of sentiment and that kind of gratification with which we behold a great power in such a posture that we can mingle *condescension* with our respect. Viewing this enormous state as operating, in one direction of its agency, with a matured, preponderating, and almost irresistible strength, we shall be pleased at seeing its force and exertions in another grand department feeble and infantine compared to our own. An object viewed with a sentiment of rivalry—and all human greatness is so viewed—we do not like to be constrained to admire, if we may so express it,

all round. Even if our rivalry and compelled admiration are free from hostility, it is nevertheless the greatest luxury to see something in the object which we may look down upon with the dignified benevolence of conscious superiority. The pre-eminent naval rank held by our own nation, is the distinction on the strength of which it can maintain its proud self-complacency in beholding the prodigious magnitude, and now evinced military efficiency, of Russia, as combined with its hitherto comparatively puny proportion of naval capacity and enterprise. With us, expeditions into remote seas are things of quite ordinary undertaking, and even circumnavigations have been so frequent, that an additional one, unless attended by some most unusual occurrences, would excite no remarkable degree of national interest,—no interest strong enough to augment the pride excited by the fact, that it was this country that sent out the greatest adventurer and explorer on the ocean since Columbus. We shall therefore have the gratification of a feeling slightly tending towards ridicule, and slightly towards compassion, in beholding that appearance of extraordinary effort, importance, and exultation, attending an enterprise in which a vast empire has demonstrated its ability to send two ships (built however in England) round the whole world.

If this were an impression which the statesmen, seamen, and authors of Russia would have desired not to make on the people of the more advanced states of Europe, it would have been well to have sent forth fewer quartos on the subject of this voyage. They might have learnt the average allotment of bulk in the relation of such voyages, within the last twenty years, in even the extravagant style of publication in England and France. It had been politic to avoid every thing tending to betray, before the nations of old adventurers and voyage-readers, the excessive effect of novelty; and every thing looking like a rather wondering self-congratulation that the persons hazarded in such an enterprise should have returned to relate its fortunes.

But perhaps Russia is incapable of apprehending that any thing done by so gigantic a state can bear a character of diminutiveness. If the idea of her huge magnitude, associated with every thing she does, should not be enough to preclude all impressions of littleness, there is another idea of which she may be willing to take the benefit, an idea which may well contribute to present all her operations to view with a portentous enlargement: it is the idea of what small beginnings, in an important department of exertion and power, may grow to, or lead to, in the case of a state possessing such resources, and which, in its progress thus far, has exhibited so striking a power and ratio of self-augmentation. An ambitious imitation of the more southern states in the multiplication of quartos, is not the only thing

which those states have to look forward to as the final result of the entrance of Russian enterprise on any new field.

If the general exultation produced by recent events refuses access just now to all such considerations, it may not be very long before they force themselves on the minds of the thinking part of society, by means of circumstances, distinct indeed from naval efforts of ambition, but illustrative or predictive of the principles which an advancing empire is likely to carry into all the processes by which it is enlarging. As one of the earliest occasions for prognostication, it will be seen what the magnanimity of this enormous empire will claim as the price of so much of its exertions in the late grand contest as were not demanded by the direct objects of self-defence and security. The ultimate effect of every new political mode of putting forth the active faculties, so to express it, of Russia, will be strongly intimated by whatever proves, a little while hence, to be the state of Poland.

Both the works before us are dedicated to the Emperor Alexander, with a laudable brevity, and with less of oriental incense than might have been expected. Krusenstern's volume is the basis of whatever is, or can be, published on the subject of the voyage of which it is the regular narration, with all the useful nautical *minutiæ*, and perhaps a number that might have been spared; at least, that will appear superfluous in this country, after such a number of published voyages have rendered the ordinary circumstances of the navigation of every sea familiar. But certainly they give an advantageous display of skill, and proof of extreme and unremitting attention, in the seamanship and the scientific duties of the expedition. Langsdorff very properly declines a regular and minute report of progress, and, with little of any thing resembling method, enlarges, in description and observation, on those physical and moral appearances which Nature had so kindly reserved, in various parts of her sea and land, for his amusement.

The translator of Krusenstern makes no claims for him on the ground of authorship.

'The motto which Capt. K. has prefixed to his book, "*Les Marins écrivent mal, mais avec assez de candeur*," is certainly exemplified in his own instance. The characteristic feature of the work is that of accuracy, rather than elegance of description. An uncouth style, and a cold precision of expression, must ever preclude the author from ranking with some of our circumnavigators who, in their descriptions and narratives, have displayed a warmth of colouring, a taste and feeling, worthy of the wonderful talents which insured the successful exemption of new and adventurous voyages. The translator felt, however, that any improvement which might bring it nearer to other works of a similar nature, could only be effected by a con-

siderable alteration in the style, and the infusion of some little warmth and sentiment into those descriptive parts which would admit of it without injury to the sense, or a departure from the truth. But such a step would have been to assume a licence which he conceived he was by no means warranted to take; and, as his aim was to produce a correct and not an amended copy, he had no alternative but to follow the original with that precision which he conceives to be absolutely necessary in translating a work of this nature, and on which, indeed, its value so mainly depends.'

The Captain prefixes an introduction, to explain the origin and intention of the undertaking. He takes a brief retrospect of the trade of Russia during the last century, and regrets its having been so much in the management of foreigners, 'who, having acquired wealth at the expense of our country, quit the empire in order to expend it in their own.' The remedy for this, is, to animate the natives to patriotic zeal and enterprize; and he adds, apparently with the most perfect complacency in the excellent constitution of his country, 'this energy, this patriotism, they can only be inspired with, in a country which, like Russia, *depends on the will of a single person*, by its ruler.' He relates the rise and progress of the Russian American Company, formed of merchants trading in the sea between the north east regions of Asia and the north west of America. The factories established by this company at Ochotzk, on the Aleutic islands, Kodiak, and the western coast of America, were to be supplied from Russia with most of the common necessities of life, including bread, and with the materials and implements for fitting out their miserable vessels; and the conveyance of these across the whole breadth of Asia, by means chiefly of horses, was most enormously expensive, exposed the stores to plunder, and, as to some of them, necessitated their being damaged to fit them for carriage. 'The cables were cut into pieces of seven or eight fathoms in length, and spliced together in Ochotzk; and the anchors were, in like manner, carried there in pieces, and afterwards joined again.' It became evident, therefore, that if the trade in those seas was to be continued with any advantage, ships must be sent thither round Cape Horn or the Cape of Good Hope.

It was the good fortune of Captain Krusenstern to make the first formal representation on the subject to the Russian government. After having served several years in the English navy, he made a voyage to India and China, expressly with a view to form a judgement whether it would not be practicable for Russia to obtain a beneficial participation of the trade between Europe and those countries. An event that occurred while he was at Canton, gave a different direction to his speculations, and suggested to him,—what it is, to be sure, wonderful it could have

remained for him to convey as a new idea to the Russian merchants and government—the great advantage of a direct carriage to China of the furs obtained by the Russian traders in the regions of the north east sea, instead of their being all carried, in the first instance, to Ochotzk, and, thence, to the remote frontier town of Kiachta, in order, thus by a land carriage, to reach the Chinese markets, with a loss of two years, and often more. During his voyage back to Europe, he drew up a memoir to be presented to his government, terminating in a proposal that ‘two ships should be sent from Cronstadt to the Aleutic isles and to America, with every kind of material necessary for the construction and outfit of vessels; and that they should be likewise provided with skilful shipwrights, workmen of all kinds, a teacher of navigation, as well as with charts, books, nautical and astronomical instruments; in short, that these merchants should be enabled to build good ships in their colonies, the command of which they might entrust to skilful persons.’ The scheme was introduced to the notice of some of the ministers of the memorable Emperor Paul; but was not destined to produce any effect till it was taken up by those of his successor, when it was speedily resolved upon, and the proposer himself was most properly selected to carry it into execution. The commission, attended by circumstances exceedingly flattering and honourable, took him, it seems, very much by surprise; his plans and his domestic interests, to which latter he adverts in terms of almost poetical sensibility, strongly persuaded him to decline the honour; and his acceptance of it was decided only by the representation of the minister that the whole design would come to nothing if he should refuse; implying, of course, that Russia contained no other man qualified for the undertaking.

The narrative of the voyage begins with a very minute account of all the preparatory proceedings, which he was somewhat surprised to find his sanguine and ill-informed employers expected to be dispatched in a very short time, not so sensible probably as he was what difficulty of equipment was implied in the single fact, that the utmost the whole Russian marine could contribute towards the enterprise, was a ship competent to a preliminary expedition in quest of the proper ships for daring into the remote and unknown regions of the ocean. It had been expected to obtain such vessels at Hamburgh; but the persons sent on this commission were soon convinced there of the necessity of proceeding to London, ‘the only place,’ says Captain Krusenstern, ‘where we may reckon with any degree of certainty upon the purchase of good vessels.’

‘ Even there, the precaution not to make too hasty a bargain occasioned some delay; and it was not until February, 1803, I was informed that two ships, one of 450 tons, three years old; the other 370 tons, fifteen months old, had been purchased for 17,000l. sterling. In addition to this sum, their repairs had cost 5,000l. The first of these two vessels was called the *NADESHDA*, or the *Hope*; the other, the *NEVA*.’

Every thing is particularized concerning the outfit of the ships, and the choice and character of the officers and men. All these matters were very properly left to the Captain’s unlimited discretion. There seems to have been much eagerness among both common sailors and men of superior class to participate the novelties of the adventure. There was the utmost difficulty to find room in the vessels for at once the heavy cargo, the number of persons indispensable to the expedition, and the gentlemen supernumeraries who were desirous to accompany it. ‘ There were so many volunteers for the voyage,’ says Captain K. ‘ that it would have been an easy matter for me to have filled several larger ships with the best sailors of the Russian navy.’ He adds, ‘ I had been advised to take some foreigners among my crew: but I knew too much of the spirit of Russian sailors, whom I prefer to all others, even to the English, to listen to this proposition. Except M. M. Horner, Tilesius, Langsdorff, and Laband, there were no foreigners on board either of the ships.’ Spirited young men of rank were earnest to be admitted, even on the terms of sharing the accommodations of the common sailors. But the most zealous and invincible of the party that boarded the *Nadeshda* was Dr. Langsdorff. His application for the appointment of naturalist to the expedition, had just been preceded by the selection of Dr. Tilesius. But we are amused and pleased with the pertinacity of his determination that whatever else the ships contained, they absolutely should never venture the dangers of Cape Horn, or attempt the inhospitable ports of Japan, without the talisman of his accomplished person.

By the name Japan, we are reminded that it should have been much earlier mentioned, that with the primary object of the expedition, the Russian government had combined another, an embassy to the august Head of that proud, secluded, anti-social nation of pagans in the eastern ocean, for the purpose of trying to negotiate some sort of commercial treaty. An overture of the kind had been made to that great Monarch by his illustrious sister Catharine, but received in a manner very little corresponding to either the imperial power, or the amiable and benign qualities, of that most gracious Princess. The failure was, with exemplary candour, attributed, by the court of the present

Russian monarch, to a defect of rank in the messenger, and a defect of dignity in the mode of conveyance, of the imperial proposals; and it was presumed that a letter written by the hand of the Emperor of all the Russias, and conveyed by 'his Excellency the Counsellor of State and Chamberlain Resanoff,' could not fail to make a breach through the hostile or the ceremonious barrier on which all preceding attempts had been in vain.

The adventurers made a gentle trial of their ships and their mettle in a ten days stage, from Cronstadt to Copenhagen. Here they were long and vexatiously detained by the necessity of almost entirely unloading the ships, and re-salting and putting in new casks a large proportion of the meat, which was found, on examination, to be already on the point of spoiling, though they had had every assurance of its having been so prepared as would secure its soundness for several years. At length, about the middle of September, 1803, they were fairly afloat for the antipodes; and a few days afterwards they received some greetings, in a rather grand style, of the elements to which they were going to entrust themselves.

'In the night between the 18th and 19th a violent storm arose, which occasioned great sickness among those of our passengers who were unused to the sea; of this number were the cavaliers of the ambassador's train. The ship rolled terribly, and it was impossible to think of having any thing cooked in the kitchen. The roaring of the wind, the raging of the sea, the hurrying to and fro among the sailors, the elbowing, the jostling, the crying out, altogether furnished a scene entirely new to most of our company.' Langsdorff, p. 1.

'In the evening of the nineteenth, a strange phenomenon, which excited the attention of every body, seemed in the opinion of us all to be the forerunner of a fresh storm. From W. N. W. to N. E. about 15° above the horizon, appeared a bright bow from which hung dark clouds vertically like pillars; many of these aerial pillars could be distinguished by a white colour in front of the others. Until ten o'clock this appearance of the heavens continued to bear its first form, when it separated into two parts. The pillars rose to the Zenith, the vapours of which they were formed becoming thinner, so that we could see through them stars of the second magnitude. There was a brilliant Aurora Borealis throughout the night; and perhaps the whole phenomenon may have been a species of northern light.' Krusenstern, p. 31.

The reader will not have failed to catch a pleasant glimpse of Dr. Langsdorff's philosophy in the above reference to the 'kitchen.' The suspension of the processes of that laboratory appears to have been one of the chief grievances of the storm. When arrived at Falmouth, however, he extends his observa-

tions from the phenomena of the fish-market to the Cornish mines; and when bearing away into the boundless ocean, he expresses some grave and almost pensive feelings respecting the retrospects and prospects of the adventurers. But it is probable the buoyancy of his spirits left him but a very short time in any state of anxiety and depression like that acknowledged by the Captain.

‘ This beautiful night, on our entering the ocean, appeared to every one a good omen for our long voyage. To whom could this thought, this wish, which did not arise from any idea of personal danger, be so important as to me! I fancied that the eyes of the civilized part of Europe were fixed upon me. The success or failure of the undertaking was to decide my reputation, and the latter would cast a shadow on my name which would in some degree be extended to my country. Those who delight in censuring and vilifying Russia would have triumphed over an unfortunate event; and the first attempt, if it had failed, might for a long time have prevented any similar undertaking. The difficulties of the task I had in hand now struck my mind with greater force than ever; and at last I was only able to quiet my uneasiness by reflecting on the grounds which had induced me to engage in the voyage. It was my duty not to withdraw myself from an undertaking which, (I may here openly repeat it) it had been said, would fall entirely to the ground unless I undertook the charge of it; and for this reason it was my duty to obey. At the moment when I could no longer perceive the light upon Cape Lizard, I was overwhelmed by feelings which I had not the power to resist. I could not think of my wife, whose tender love for me was now the source of so much uneasiness, without the greatest affliction. At length these painful sensations gave way to the hope that the voyage would certainly have a successful issue. The idea, that I should encrease the reputation of my country; the prospect, too, of that happy hour in which I should again see the darling of my heart and my child—these ideas restored me to firmness and composure.’ Krusenstern, p. 37.

It would here be suggested to us to ask, whether the Captain’s *hopes* do not appear to have rested on the very same things that excited his *fears*.

An account of the laudable precautions and discipline for the preservation of health, and a description of a very brilliant meteor, occur in the narration of the run from Falmouth to Teneriffe, the appearance of which at some distance is described as immensely grand and beautiful.—The lively Doctor in the corresponding part of his story, takes occasion to be very justly severe on those who complain of the *ennui* said to be incident to a long voyage. He says this complaint must come from persons who would equally be *ennuied* on terra *firma*, ‘ who in fact are always so, unless they are at a ball

a concert, the theatre, or cards.' And he rebukes them by a description of the entertaining and instructive occupations which precluded any approach or possibility of this nauseous feeling, 'in an expedition,' says he, 'such as ours, among a numerous society of learned and scientific men, eager in the search of knowledge.' The description (too long for quotation) of that state of physical, intellectual, and social delight, to which they found themselves elated, especially about the time of their approach towards the Canaries, may serve, we think, to put an end to all questions or doubts among the learned, concerning the identity of those islands with the famous Fortunate Islands of antiquity—any thing to the contrary in their present political and moral condition notwithstanding. At the same time, it cannot be dissembled that some of these negative moral indications are considerably strong, for in describing the people of Santa Cruz in Teneriffe, the writers agree in a representation to the following effect.

'The general misery of the people, depravity in the highest degree of the other sex, and swarms of fat monks who stroll about the streets as soon as it is dark; these are characteristics of Santa Cruz, and strike the stranger, unaccustomed to such sights, with pity and disgust. There is no place in the world where so many horrid objects are to be seen. Beggars of both sexes and of all ages, clad in rags, and afflicted with every kind of disgusting complaint, fill the streets, together with lewd women, drunken sailors, and lean and deformed thieves. I am almost tempted to believe that the lower class of inhabitants here, have all an equal propensity to stealing.' Krusenstern, p. 48.

The popish superstitions, and the perfectly arbitrary nature of the government, are strongly dwelt upon, and were, naturally, very violently offensive to persons accustomed to the blessings of a Church swarming with an infinite number of *Boghs* or idols, with the appropriate mummeries, and of a state, by the constitution of which a whole vast country 'depends on the will of a single person.'

In their departure from Teneriffe, they retained sight of the Peak to the distance of 101 miles. 'In very clear weather,' the Captain observes, 'it may be seen 25 miles farther off, from the mast head; but this is the greatest distance which it is visible even from that height, and under the most favourable circumstances.'—The very short stay at the island, had allowed no time for an ascent to the summit, nor would it have been practicable, they were informed, at so late a season. An interesting extract given by Dr. Langsdorff from the manuscript journal of a Mons. Cordier, who had some time before performed this exploit, and made rather light

of its difficulties, will partly gratify the curious reader's never sated desire to hear yet once more what is to be seen in so sublime a region.

Most happy the Doctor declares himself and his associates to have been in the prospect, and most happy in the actual progress, of the long run to the Brazils. The ocean and winds were so "gentle, yet not dull;" the health of every body was preserved so excellent, under the Captain's judicious regimen; there was so lively a diversification of business and amusement; there were so many edible fish to be caught, and odd fish to be wondered at; and it was so delightful to make boat excursions across the way to their neighbours of the Neva,—that the Doctor may very well be tolerated in one more contemptuous fling which he makes at the poor vacant souls who imagine that dreaded *imp ennui* must be the certain companion of a long voyage, out of sight of land.

The Captain describes his precautions on coming into the damp, sultry heat of the tropical regions, which, however, even very near the line, the Russian sailors found so little oppressive that, having heard dreadful accounts of what they would have to endure in those latitudes, they would ask, 'when the hot weather was to come on.' On the 26th of November, a day of rude ceremonies, patriotic festivity, and boisterous hilarity, which the worthy Doctor seems to have regarded as the best part of philosophy, they crossed the equator in $24^{\circ} 20'$ W. longitude; and the Captain assigns what appear to be good reasons why a ship, for the south east coast of South America, should keep in such a direction as not to cross the line further westward than that longitude. After a traverse of several days in fruitless search of what he is now inclined to conclude a fictitious island named Ascension, he made the island of St. Catherine's, on the Brazil coast, in the twenty eighth degree of south latitude, and the forty eighth of west longitude; three degrees to the south of Rio Janeiro. Many on board had been exceedingly desirous of seeing this capital; but the wary Captain chose to keep clear of the multiplicity of tedious and expensive vexations which he knew to be there kept in constant readiness for all foreigners.

The necessity of a new main and foremast to the Neva, detained the ships in this small island of St. Catherine's, from the 21st of December 1803, till the beginning of February. The conduct of the Governor was handsome and even generous; such imperfect statistical information concerning the island as could be collected by a good deal of inquiry, is given; the commercial regulations established there by his Royal Highness the Prince Regent of the Brazils, are found

to be, of course, as bad as possible; while the island itself is described as in the highest degree salubrious, fertile, and beautiful*. Its copious supply of necessaries and refreshments not being accompanied by those petty and irritating jealousies and restrictions which foreigners have to encounter at every point within the execrable sphere of the diamond mines. St. Catherine's is recommended as an excellent harbour to be visited by 'ships going round Cape Horn, or destined for the whale-fishery upon this coast.' 'It is infinitely preferable,' says Krusenstern, 'to Rio Janeiro, where strangers, particularly if they arrive in merchant ships, are treated with the same insulting jealousy as in Japan. Even Cook and Banks were exposed there to insults, the very relation of which cannot fail to excite disgust.'

After as busy a time for the astronomer and the naturalists, as for the ship-wrights, we have the whole party again on the ocean; not, however, without a considerable check on their gaiety, from the images of Staatenland and Cape Horn, which would sometimes be presented to them in their waking, and, perhaps, their sleeping visions, with an awful or a hideous aspect, and surrounded by storms, and billows, and the wildest desolation. To provide for the not improbable event of the ships being separated, new instructions were sent to the captain of the *Neva* as to the points of rendezvous in that event. A rigid economy was enforced in the distribution of the allowance of water, the portion being two quarts a day 'for each man, without distinction, from the captain to the sailor.' Nobody complained of this regulation but four or five ill-conditioned Japanese, who having been wrecked on some part of the eastern coast of the Russian empire, were allowed this opportunity of returning to their country, and to whom the Captain made a larger allowance of water than that fixed for every other person.

* In South America it may be peculiarly expected that there will always be a set-off against the beauties of nature; and we feel no surprise in reading Dr. Langsdorff's account of the deadly serpents that infest this island. The bite of one of them is certain death, in a very frightful form; that of another is extremely dangerous; but, 'when,' says Dr. L. 'I inquired whether there was no counter-poison against the bite, I was answered, that there were many persons who could pronounce a *blessing*, and that this was the best remedy.'—There is considerable interest in his notices of the natural history of this island, and the apparently genuine enthusiasm with which he speaks of the novelty and profuse beauty of its productions.

‘During the voyage,’ says Captain K. ‘I had frequently found cause to be very much displeased with our Japanese, and it is scarcely possible to imagine worse people than they were. Although I treated them with particular kindness and attention, and bore their selfish humours with a patience at which I was myself surprized; yet this good treatment, certainly unmerited in their part, had not the least effect on their boisterous character. Lazy, dirty in their persons, always ill-humoured and passionate in the highest degree;—these were the leading features which distinguished them. An old man of sixty years of age formed the only exception, and he differed in every respect from his countrymen, and was alone deserving of the Emperor’s favour in sending them back to their country. They would never do any work, not even when their assistance might have been of advantage to themselves.’ Kru-senstern, p. 83.

It must have been peculiarly mortifying to have been so much at the mercy of these nuisances, as he was necessarily put, by the consideration of the mischief their revenge might do him, by misrepresentations, on their arrival at Japan.

Dr. Langsdorff tells us that in the night of the 20th of February, ‘the whole crew of the *Neva* experienced a most terrible alarm.’

‘The vessels received so violent a shock that they thought of nothing less than being on a rock or a sand-bank. They all rushed upon deck to learn the whole extent of their danger, but were soon satisfied with finding that it was nothing more than a whale, whether dead or alive was very immaterial, against which they had struck.’ p. 79.

Among several remarkable appearances in the sea, we may select the following, p. 80.

‘Here and there were to be seen stripes or spots in the sea, which from their glittering appearance, and the little movement the water then had, were distinguishable at a very great distance. These appearances proceeded from the fat and oily substances emitted by the whales in their breathing, or from their excrements, and shewed, in a remarkable manner, how little oil is necessary to spread to great extent over the surface of the water. The idea, which I believe originated with Dr. Franklin, that the waves of the sea, when violently agitated, might be stilled with oil, was probably borrowed from this circumstance.’

They were soon enabled to contrast the stern and dreary appearance of Staatenland with their recollected images of the beauty of St. Catherine’s. It was seen ‘forming a straight line, E. and W. and appeared to consist entirely of pointed hills, separated from each other by deep hollows, and cut sharp

off by the sea.' The morning of their coming in sight of it, was additionally signalized by magnificent sports in the sea around them. 'There was an astonishing number of whales, which came so near as to alarm the officer of the watch, before day-break, by the noise they made in spouting up water, who fancied we were near breakers.'—It was determined to go round Staatenland, in preference to passing through Straits Le Maire; and during the course the most accurate observations were taken for ascertaining the longitude of Cape St. John. The result tended to establish the superior accuracy of Cook to all the other navigators. His longitude is, $63^{\circ} 47' 00''$.

They found, themselves, at last, in a sea of a very different character from any thing they had previously beheld, a sea that would not suffer them to amuse themselves with it.

'It seemed as though Staatenland were the boundary between two directly opposite regions. We had beautiful weather until our arrival there, and, with little exception, constantly fair winds, as our very quick run of twenty-one days from St. Catherine's to Staatenland sufficiently shews. But scarce had we passed Staatenland, and approached the latitude of Cape Horn, when the south-west winds set in with cold weather, and a constantly clouded sky. Our imagination had been set in motion by our hitherto favourable passage; led us in a few days round Cape Horn; and transported us in a few weeks into the mild regions of the ocean. But the west wind, which wore a fixed appearance, soon deprived us of this prospect.' Krusenstern, p. 93.

One of the omens of a rather short but tremendous storm, is thus described:

'The sky all round the horizon became overcast, while snow-clouds appeared some five or six degrees high, and from their columnar form, and the black clouds bordering on them, bore a beautiful but terrible aspect.'

It cost them a long and laborious contest with boisterous west, and, sometimes, north west winds, and all the harassing circumstances of storms in such a region, to get fairly round into the mild climates and steady winds of the Pacific Ocean. There can be no stronger testimony to the Captain's excellent management than the fact that the toils and rigours of this part of the course, in which they went as far south as 60° , did not put one person of the *Nadeshda* on the sick list.

In a thick fog they were separated from the *Neva*, and were not rejoined by her till after reaching Nukahiva, one of the north western portions of the islands, called Marquesas, but to which portion our voyager, with no good reason, seconds an American

captain in giving the denomination of "Washington's Islands." He is quite right, however, in retaining the native names of Nukahiva and several others of this group, instead of the names impertinently fixed on them by the vanity of Europeans.

Langsdorff very well describes the sort of passionate fondness with which they all gazed towards the little emerging point of earth to which they were approaching as the appointed place of their brief sojourn and refreshment. It had a picturesque, but not, for a while, a very attractive aspect. The coast presented a long front of naked, gloomy rocks, connected with a chain of mountains stretching inland, and rising into bare craggy peaks. A number of beautiful cascades were seen falling into the sea from the height of a thousand feet. They were beginning to be a little disturbed at descrying but very slight signs of the population by which they had expected to be very soon surrounded, when they were surprised by the approach of a white flag, borne at the head of a canoe by a man who, like the rest of the islanders, was divested of all clothing but a girdle round the waist. He proved, however, to be an Englishman, of the name of Roberts, who said he had been seven years on the island, and two years previously in that of Santa Christina, where he had been put on shore out of an English merchant ship, the crew of which had mutinied against their captain, and could not prevail on him to join them. In Nukahiva he had lately married, he said, a relation of the king's, from which circumstance he acquired great consideration, and could therefore be of service to these new visitors, as he shewed certificates from two Americans to prove that he had been to former ones, particularly in the way of procuring them wood and water. The captain gladly accepted the offered assistance of a man so capable of being useful in various ways; among others in the capacity of interpreter, and in imparting the knowledge he must have acquired concerning the inhabitants.

He lost no time in warning the captain against a mischievous, and more than half savage Frenchman of the name of Cabri, who was also on the island, and who, besides being a mortal enemy to the Englishman, was evidently a depraved wretch, while it appears equally unquestionable that Roberts was a very worthy man. In whatever degree, therefore, the Captain's indignant observations on the inveterate, widely spread, and untameable animosities between the French and English, are generally just, as applied to the latter, there is something rather petulant and very unjust in making them so as to convey an equal condemnation of these two men, and to imply that it was a mere unreasonable nationality that put such a man as Roberts in hostility to such a man as Cabri, who had repeatedly attempted

his rival's life, was the quintessence of spite and treachery, and thought it an excellent amusement to slaughter men by surprise, in order to exchange them with the cannibals for hogs. Roberts appeared not averse to a reconciliation, or rather pacification, had such a thing been possible. He made offers to this effect to Cabri, but he would never agree to it; 'and he added, with much emphasis, that it was easier to float the rocks, to which he pointed, than to inspire this Frenchman with friendly sentiments.' The Captain had no doubt of the truth of this, and yet, with the lofty air too of a judicial cosmopolite, he goes off in the following strain of equitable rebuke:

'Here, too, the innate hatred between the French and English appeared. Not content to disturb the peace of the whole civilized world, even the inhabitants of the lately discovered islands of this ocean must feel the influence of their odious-rivalship, without so much as knowing the origin of it. How unfortunate it is, that at such a distance, upon islands the inhabitants of which are yet rough in their manners, and whose mode of life is still horribly cruel, where alone the necessity of self-preservation ought to have united two civilized men, though half the globe had been interposed between their native countries; that here, I say, two Europeans should hate, and strive after each other's life!'

The stay of the *Nadeshda* at Nukahiva was but about ten days, and that of the *Neva* several days less. The account of it, however, occupies a large space in each of the books; and very considerable activity of observation and inquiry must have been exerted, to collect so much information. Nearly all, however, that could be considered as of much value in that information was obtained from the two Europeans; and it is acknowledged by the voyagers, that but for this aid, they should have gone away, as some former visitants have done, with a notion of the character of the people not merely defective, but nearly the reverse of the true one. They considered these two witnesses, though such bitter enemies to each other, as equally unlikely to have any motive to deceive; and the general truth of their evidence was confirmed by its substantial agreement, while particular care was taken that the testimony of each should be given without his being aware what the other had deposed. For some not very important differences between the representations of Krusenstern and Langsdorff, the latter apologizes, in terms of the utmost respect to the Captain, accounting for them from the circumstance that the Captain took his information almost exclusively from the Englishman, whereas the Doctor drew much of his from the Frenchman, whom he deemed the better authority, notwithstanding that there was confessedly no comparison between the moral qualities of the two men, and that Roberts was a man of more understanding. The preference of

Cabri was founded on his having been a much longer time, it is asserted, in the island; his appearing to be much more perfect in the use of the language; (now his only language, he having very nearly forgotten his native tongue;) and especially his having associated much more intimately with the people, adopting, in a great measure, their customs,—whereas Roberts seemed to have maintained a great degree of reserve and separation, to which it is partly attributed that he appeared to be regarded with much more respect, and to have much more influence, among them.

It is from *data* so extremely imperfect that it can hardly deserve to be called a calculation, that he gives 18,000 as somewhere about the probable number of people on the island. Their number was, at all events, materially less than it had been some years before, the diminution having been effected by the infallible consequence of deficiency of rain,—a famine,—which, besides its more ordinary and inseparable effects, is the signal for these children of nature to fall upon and eat one another.

The population of the island appears to be divided, by those deep valleys, and those steep mountains of bare rocks, by which it is so wildly trenched and dented, into a number of independent sections, with each its king or principal chief, and a due proportion of an inferior aristocracy. There is no ascertaining the precise nature and limits of the power of these monarchs and nobles. They have a due share, very likely, of the appropriate ambition and arbitrary temper. But there seems to be at least one good thing about them; they do not cost the people much for the gaudy decorations and equipage of state. Perhaps, however, it is in truth a sign of the deepest barbarism, that these personages can trust for their influence with the people to the mere virtue and efficacy of their birth and personal qualities, without the appendages of an enormous pomp, to be supported by these people as an additional labour and duty to that of providing for themselves.—The king of that part of the island nearest to port Anna Maria, in which the Russian ships anchored, and who was the first, we believe, of the natives that came on board, had no mark of distinction from the others, except that of being more completely tattooed; which even our ‘Hyperboreans,’ as the Doctor in one place denominates them, were far enough advanced in civilization to regard as a very unkingly circumstance. ‘It seemed very laughable to us,’ says the Dr. ‘when we immediately gave permission for His Majesty to come on board.’ It would appear, however, that his majesty had himself a proper sense of the

innate dignity of his own person, if we may judge from the prolonged, indeed the endless delight with which he would contemplate it in a mirror.

‘I led them into my cabin to make them a present. A portrait in oil of my wife struck them particularly, and they stood for a long time before it with every symptom of pleasure and surprise, pointing out to each other the curled hair, which they consider as a great beauty. A looking-glass was no less an object of their astonishment. It was not improbable that some of them had already seen such a thing, yet they all looked behind the glass to discover the cause of this wonderful appearance. A large mirror in which they were able to view their whole persons must have been something new to them; and the king was so particularly delighted with it, that, either from vanity or curiosity, upon every visit he immediately went into my cabin to this glass, standing before it for whole hours to my great annoyance.’ Krusenstern, p. 117.

The men are generally,—indeed so generally that the voyagers make no scruple of saying ‘all,’—strongly built, tall, and of the finest shape. If we may depend on the united testimony of these and several other respectable navigators, this island, and the other Marquesas, afford a tribe of human forms, of the male sex, not to be equalled on the whole earth. The philosophers and artists of this expedition were so struck with the almost magnificent perfection of one person, a young man named Mufau, twenty years old, six feet eight inches high, and of prodigious strength, that Dr. Tilesius was induced to make a measurement, with the utmost exactness, of every part; it is given by Langsdorff, in more than twenty distinct particulars, and he adds,

‘After our return to Europe, Dr. Tilesius imparted his observations to Counsellor Blumenbach, of Gottingen, who has studied so assiduously the natural history of man. The latter compared these proportions with the Apollo of Belvedere, and found that those of that master-piece of the finest ages of Grecian art, in which is combined every possible integer in the composition of manly beauty, corresponded exactly with our Mufau, an inhabitant of the island of Nukahiwa. We were told that the chief of a neighbouring island, by name Upoa, with equally exact proportions as Mufau, was a head taller; so at least both Roberts and Cabri both assured us.’ Langsdorff, p. 109.

The forms of the women appeared much less perfect, especially of that degraded and miserable portion of them who frequented the shore and haunted the ship. A few of those of superior rank and less abandoned habits, who were seen in a more retired state of life, at some distance

from shore, were acknowledged to be as much more graceful and beautiful as they were more modest.

Among the profligate class there were absolute children; one that the Captain says could not have been more than eight years old. They were violently mirthful, noisy, and obtrusive, and would swim and sport about the ship for hours, when not allowed to come on deck, though they had to swim as much as five or six miles in merely coming to the ship and returning. They are rendered doubly objects of pity by the fact which these writers confidently assert, that they are authoritatively ordered on the vicious service by their fathers and husbands, who were seen regularly to take from them, before they could even reach the shore, the trifles they had obtained in the way of reward.

At the same time it is to be noticed that the Captain, who maintains more of the tone of a moralist than the Doctor, and the grave plainness of whose manner in descriptions and observations relating to this subject, is advantageously contrasted with the other's offensive prurience, is not disposed to attribute any virtue to the sex in general in the island, any more than to the male population, who are universally their oppressive tyrants, as in all the savage portions of the human race.

It appears that there is among them a kind of marriage relation, the contract of which is celebrated with festive and most degrading ceremonies; but the two writers do not quite agree as to the measure of restraint which it purports to impose, or of severity with which a disregard of the obligation is liable to be visited. But, at all events, a complete separation is said to be easily affected: let either party wish for it, and it is done; and if there are any children, (which are never numerous, rarely more than two,) there never can be any difficulty in disposing of them,—if there is no other expedient, they may be eaten.

As to government, a matter of such unlimited controversy, ambition, and expense of both treasure and blood, the source of so much good and evil, in the civilized and half-civilized parts of the world, our authors say that among these islanders, there is nothing which can strictly be called by that name. It could not be ascertained in what form of a constitution the personage whom the two Europeans denominated the king, would have liked to declare and enforce his prerogatives; but it was evident this his actual authority was very trifling, his person being regarded with indifference, and his orders sometimes with contempt. A certain portion of influence which he did nevertheless enjoy, the voyagers attribute not to any

political principle in the social economy, but simply to his being richer in the possession, probably the hereditary possession, of groves of cocoa-nut trees, and the means of keeping hogs, than any other man of the valley, and therefore able to engage and sustain a greater number of dependents. He did actually feed a considerable band of them, which Roberts himself had been reduced to join the preceding year, by stress of famine.

The only material restraint on the passions of this lawless and savage population is the *Taboo*, or *Tahbu*, a ceremony so conspicuous in all the descriptions of the South Sea islands. We need not explain that it is a consecrating interdiction, by which certain persons, places, and things, may be secured, as by a mysterious charm, against being touched or approached by other persons and things. Dr. Langsdorff displays the extent of its operation by enumerating about twenty distinct modes or subjects of its application. In explanation of the *principle* of this charm we quote the following passage from Krusenstern, p. 171.

'The only good which they have derived from their religion is the *tahbu*, originating undoubtedly in some superstitious notion; for since nobody, not even the king, dares venture to break the slightest *tahbu*, it is a proof that some strange feeling inspires them with a reverence for this word. The priests only can impose a general *tahbu*, but every individual has a right to pronounce one on his general property: this is done by declaring, if his wish be to preserve a breadfruit, or cocoa tree, a house or a plantation, from robbery and destruction, that the spirit of his father, or of some king, or indeed of any other person, reposes in this tree or house, which then bears the name of the person, and nobody ventures to attack it. If any one is so irreligious as to break through a *tahbu*, and should be convicted of it, he is called *kikino*; and the *kikinos* are always the first to be devoured by the enemy; at least they believe it to be so, nor is it impossible that the priests should so arrange matters as that this really happens. The persons of the royal family, and of the priests, are *tahbu*, and the Englishman assured me that he was so likewise; and yet he often expressed his fear of being taken in the next war and devoured. In all probability, he was at first considered, like every other European, as *etua**, and only seven years acquaintance with him had worn away the lustre of his divinity.'

Besides this greater danger of being devoured, the Doctor says the *kikino* is exposed to a more certain punishment by

* The term importing whatever conception they have approaching to the idea of deity.

sickness or sudden death, from becoming subject to the influences of an evil spirit which he is pleased to name *Atuan*. It is stated by what formalities, very costly of course to the poor penitent, the priests, or rather magicians, denominated *Tanas*, will restore a man from the miserable and dangerous condition into which he falls by this crime. The substantial part of their process is a grand eating of hogs at his expense. Should he be too poor to be able to supply them, we think there is very little hope for him from these gentlemen. They have no notion of doing things in the way of absolute charity, and they will hardly be such fools as to let their powerful interposition ever appear a thing to be commanded by a low price.

The taboo is as efficacious in its mischievous, as in any of its more serviceable applications: under some circumstances a man can taboo the bread-fruit and cocoa trees of another, and thus deprive him of his property and means of subsistence, and consequently drive him an outcast from the country. It is employed in numerous ways of deprivation and degradation against the women; especially in excluding them from all participation in the superior diet in which the men often indulge themselves, and for the purpose of a perfectly undisturbed indulgence in which they very commonly have an additional house, which is tabooed to the females.

The *Tanas*, or sacerdotal conjurors, have a ceremony of burying enchanted bags, (the contents of which are named,) by means of which, the natives most solemnly believe,—and the Frenchman, and even Roberts, avowed the same faith,—they can inflict mortal disease on any one they deem their enemy: and here again these miscreants have the power of extorting whatever they please as the price of their interference to avert or remove the supposed malediction, and appease the angry *spirits*, who are the invisible inflictors of the malady.

Some rude elements of religion are evidently involved in these fancies of *etua* and spirits. And Roberts described to the captain, as an *usual* funeral ceremony, a banquet, in which an offering is made, (or rather pretended to be made, for it is secretly devoured by a priest,) ‘to propitiate the gods, and obtain for the deceased a safe and peaceable passage to the lower regions: twelve months after this feast, a second, equally extravagant, is given to thank the gods for having permitted the deceased to arrive safe in the other world.’ Nevertheless our authors both acknowledge the extreme defectiveness and confusion of whatever information

these subjects they could obtain from the Europeans, and express the opinion that the notions of the people, if they could be competently reported, would themselves be found vague, and feeble, and futile to the last degree. It would indeed be marvellous if this den of cannibals were the place for either subtile speculations, or sublime aspirings of imagination.

There is often war among the different sections of these islanders, but they seem to have little of the *heroic* sentiment of that noble game. Notwithstanding the intensity of their rancour, they would greatly prefer eating one another to fighting one another. There is a sort of national 'dance-feast,' which the Captain, in a most superfine strain of politeness, styles the 'Olympic games of these savages.' In order to the celebration of this, which custom requires should not be omitted too long, there must be an armistice, which, when demanded by either of the belligerents on the pretence of preparing for the festival, is instantly agreed to by the other. And though any preparations really required or intended would not need to employ more than a few days, they are willing to take advantage of the pretence to prolong the time for many months, during which time the enemies join in the pretended preparations.

'Six months had elapsed since the last truce was proclaimed, and eight months longer were to pass before the feast began.' 'After the termination of the feast they return home, and the war recommences in all its vigour.'

The truce is announced by planting a branch of a cocoa tree on the top of the mountain, on which the war is instantly suspended. But even during this 'hallowed and gracious time,' should what the Captain denominates a 'high priest' happen to die, three persons must be taken, by stratagem or open force, from the opposite tribe, to be sacrificed to him. This, of course, will sometimes instantly rekindle the general war between them.

We have already intimated a grand feature in the moral state of these islanders,—their cannibalism.—There was no possibility of a doubt as to the fact. It formed a capital part of the concurring testimony of the two Europeans, which would have been confirmed had that been at all necessary, by the circumstances of human bones being used as decorations of their household furniture, and skulls being repeatedly offered for sale, marked by a perforation apparently adapted to the purpose of sipping out the blood, which was mentioned by the witnesses as a circumstance of their infernal banquets.

If the people of Nukahiva had been found in the practice of devouring their enemies only, there would have been nothing to excite any unusual sensation in those who have read the more recent accounts, given by former reporters, of the innocence and felicity of the unsophisticated tribes who inhabit the South Sea Islands. But their relish for human flesh is subject to no such irrational partiality. By a bold enlargement of taste and liberty in this particular, they are 'distinguished,' as Krusenstern remarks, 'from all other cannibals, and are a singular example among the numerous tribes of savages who inhabit the many islands on the north-west coast of this great ocean.' For,

'In times of famine the men butcher their wives and children, and their aged parents; they bake and stew their flesh, and devour it with the greatest satisfaction. Even the tender-looking female, whose eyes beam nothing but beauty, will join, if permitted, in this horrid repast.' Krusenstern, p. 181.

Langsdorff, however, says that this luxury is tabooed to women, as too high and enviable an indulgence to comport with their subordinate rank.—As corroborative of this statement of their devouring their relatives and friends, it might be mentioned, that the voyagers saw but very few old people among the natives; and it is as evidence directly to point that they notice the fact of an enormous disproportion of numbers between the males and females, with the additional circumstance that there were extremely few children any where to be seen.—If it were true, according to the testimony of Cabri, that this surpassing perpetration is confined to seasons of very great scarcity, it is not likely to be therefore of rare occurrence, among a people too indolent for agriculture, infinitely too thoughtless and too fond of feasting to lay up stores on a calculation of distant possibilities, and whose whimsical perverseness, (unless indeed it were a contrivance to create a fair occasion for domestic cannibalism) has tabooed fish just at the season when it would be of the greatest service.

But whether it be true or not that the common people are obliged to wait till a season of scarcity, or a war, to obtain this greatest luxury known to them on earth, it is asserted by Langsdorff, that the detestable *Tanas*, or priests, put themselves under no such restriction, and the following description exhibits, on a small scale, as pure a piece of infernality, in pretending to be moved to their abominations by superior agents, as any to be found in history.

'The *Tanas* often regale themselves with human flesh merely from the delight they take in it. For this purpose they make

semblance as if they were under the influence of a spirit, and after various grimaces and contortions, appear to fall into a deep sleep. This they take care shall always be done in such places and on such occasions, as that there may be an abundance of spectators. After sleeping a short time, they wake suddenly, and relate to the people around them what the spirit has dictated to them in their dreams. The command sometimes happens to be, that a woman or a man, a tattooed or an untattooed person, a fat or a lean one, an old man or a youth, out of the next valley, or from the next river must be seized and brought to them. The people to whom this is related, immediately post themselves in some ambush near a foot-path, or a river that abounds with fish, and the consequence is, that the first person that comes that way, bearing any resemblance to the description given as seen in the dream, is taken, and brought to the Tana's morai, and eaten in company with his taboo society. It depends also frequently upon the Tana to determine whether any enemies shall be taken prisoners, and how many.' Langsdorff, p. 159.

Having stated the substance of the evidence on the character of these islanders, the Captain, whom we cannot help respecting for the strong and honest emphasis with which he utters his opinions as a censor of human depravity, pronounces 'that they have neither social institutions, religion, nor humane feelings in any degree,—in a word, that no traces of good qualities are to be found among them; that they undoubtedly belong to the worst of mankind.' At the same time he acknowledges his estimate would have been different had it been formed solely on the ground of what the Russians witnessed during their short intercourse with the people, 'in which they always shewed, (he says,) the best possible disposition, and in bartering, an extraordinary degree of honesty; always delivering their cocoa-nuts before they received the piece of iron that was to be paid for them. At all times they appeared ready to assist in cutting wood and filling water, and the help they afforded us in these laborious tasks, was by no means trifling. Theft, the crime so common to all the islanders of this ocean, we very seldom met with among them; they always appeared cheerful and happy, and the greatest good-humour was depicted in their countenances. In a word, during the ten days that we spent with them, we were not once obliged to fire a loaded musket at them.' But the two Europeans were so decided in the concurring declarations, as to leave it impossible to doubt that the 'fear of punishment alone and the hopes of reward deterred them from giving a loose to their savage passions.' And the Captain confirms this by two remarkable facts:

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' Some years ago an American merchant-ship put into port Anna Maria; and the captain, who was a Quaker, suffered his people to go on shore unarmed; but the natives no sooner perceived their defenceless condition, than they assembled in order to attack and drag them into the mountains. Roberts succeeded, with the greatest difficulty, and with the assistance of the king, to whom he represented the treachery of their conduct, and the consequences it would infallibly bring on the whole island, in rescuing them out of the hands of these cannibals. Nor did we ourselves want a proof of their being denied every feeling of justice and goodness; for although, during our stay, no one had ever shewn them the least ill will, but on the contrary every possible kindness, in order to inspire them with benevolence, if not with gratitude, our conduct seemed to have quite a different effect upon them. A report had spread that one of our ships had struck, occasioned by our being obliged, while in the act of sailing out, to bring up close to the shore. In less than two hours a number of the islanders had assembled on the beach close to the ship, all armed with clubs, axes, and spears. What then could be their intention but to plunder and murder us? The Frenchman too, who came on board at that moment, acquainted us with the hostile intentions of the inhabitants, and of the whole valley's being in an uproar.' p. 181.

Their appearing all armed, at such a moment, seems to put their intentions quite out of question; though Langsdorff, in mentioning the circumstance, is less positive in putting on it this interpretation.

It seems not easy to reconcile this promptitude to attack and devour European visitants with the Captain's account of their superstitious estimate of these strangers.

' They consider all Europeans as *Etua*; for as their ideas do not extend beyond their own horizon, they are firmly convinced that their ships come from the clouds; and they imagine that thunder is occasioned by the cannonading of vessels floating in the atmosphere, on which account they entertain a great dread of artillery. The king's brother happened to be on board when a cannon was fired; he immediately cast himself on the deck, clung round the Englishman Roberts who stood near him: the greatest dread was painted on his countenance; and he repeated several times with a feeble voice, *Mattè, Matte,*' (i. e. extinguish it.)

The information thus obtained concerning the moral condition of physically the finest tribe of savages in the world, would explode the last relic, if indeed any such thing were existing, of the vain dream of Rousseau, and the philosophers of his school, about the happy innocence of the state of nature.

Roberts was solicited to accompany the expedition, but was

withheld by his attachment to his wife and child. It does not appear what determined him, no less than two years afterwards, to quit the island with his wife for Otaheite, in an English ship, and subsequently to make some voyages, at the conclusion of which we find him in Bengal, in 1810. Cabri was taken away by Krusenstern, unintentionally on the Captain's part, whether intentionally on his own part, seems uncertain. He came on board as to take leave, and ask for some additional presents, and remained, notwithstanding the warning that the ship might probably put out to sea in a few hours, in blowing weather. The Captain says he kept out of sight till that took place, with the decided intention, he has no doubt, of being carried away. When the ship was leaving the bay, however, he begged to be set on shore in a boat, or even to be supplied with a plank to help him through a very rough sea. All were, however, too anxiously busy about the ship in its dangerous situation, to pay any attention to him, and he was thus taken off. At all events, he soon lost all uneasiness about the circumstance, though he had a wife and children on the island, and became extremely useful as a sailor. 'For the rest,' says Langsdorff, 'he was but a *mauvais-sujet*.' The last we hear of him, is his being appointed 'teacher of swimming to the corps of marine cadets at Cronstadt,' where, 'though he has almost forgotten the language of Nukahiwa, made an incredibly rapid progress in the recovery of his native tongue, and by degrees became reconciled to European customs, he still thinks with delight of the men whom he formerly killed and exchanged for swine, or perhaps ate.'

The island furnished a plentiful supply of wood and water, but only a very moderate quantity of cocoa nuts, or breadfruit, and nothing worth mentioning in the form of animal food. The hogs on the island were not abundant, and they were so much valued by the epicurism of the aristocratic class of native eaters, that they were sold with very great reluctance. At another point of the island, where the ships slightly touched in passing, the great chief of the valley brought one for barter, and disposed of it, but then reclaimed it, and was backward and forward on the bargain, with a great number of alternations, and a most ludicrous distress. From the impossibility of obtaining any tolerable supplies, the Captain advises navigators not to shape their course with any sort of regard to this island.

But the case was practically no better at Owhyee, a great part of which the adventurers coasted at the distance of some miles, with the expectation of attracting to them, without the delay of going into any port, a number of canoes with provisions. But they were utterly disappointed, very few traders coming near them, and such as did think it worth while, bringing ex-

tremely little animal provision, for which too they demanded an exorbitant price, and would accept nothing but cloth, an article the Russians had never thought of putting among their stores for the South Sea market. In their persons these islanders, (many of them affected with disease,) appeared as much inferior to those they had so lately visited, as they were evidently superior in intelligence.

* * * Here we find it necessary to close for the present month our account of these volumes, though we are far enough from having surveyed the whole of their contents. In our next number we shall have to notice Dr. Langsdorff's second volume; and that notice shall be preceded by a brief view of the transactions,—very unimportant ones, no doubt,—in Japan.

Art. IV. *The Ruminator* : containing a Series of Moral, Critical, and Sentimental Essays. By Sir Egerton Brydges, K.J.M.P. 2 vols. fcap 8vo. pp. 302 and 328. price 18s. Longman and Co. 1813.

IF a sanguine reader should first open upon the table of contents of these volumes, he might begin a perusal of the essays with great eagerness, for he would find therein many very important subjects to be treated. After having done this ourselves, we are entitled to say, we very much fear that he would be deceived in his expectations. The truth is, that often, where the most is promised, two or three ideas, and those, perhaps, not original, nor the most correct, diluted by a prodigious proportion of words, are spread over several pages; and the reader, after having gone through this, endeavours in vain to collect in his own mind more matter from what he has been reading than would furnish him with three tolerable sentences. We cannot bring instances to substantiate the justice of this remark without quoting whole essays: the impression, however, left upon our own minds is of this nature; and, where the critic is candid and judicious, a general impression is more to be relied upon, than an opinion regularly deduced from two or three particular quotations.

Another fault of the work is the inflation of the language. The sentences are always formed and rounded, and too often involved. In some places the style is abominably tawdry and unmeaning. Speaking of a person of genius, the author says,

“ If there remain records of his mental occupations, if his opinions, his feelings, and the rainbow-like colours of his fancy can be

remembered, and properly told, they will contribute essentially to the best and most interesting department of human intelligence.' vol. i. p. 51.

In the next page,

'The fountains of other works of much greater merit are still as much concealed as those of the Nile.'

Of Eliphaz's vision,

'The dark veil of impenetrable mystery thrown over the form of the appearance;' vol. i. p. 62.

The rainbow again,

'Yet Burke himself, whose radiant mind was illuminated by all the rich colours of the rainbow, had nerves tremulous at every point with incontrollable irritability.' vol. i. p. 93.

Surely a person who, while reading the following sentence, should be asked, like Hamlet, 'what he read,' might reply with him, 'words, words.'

'That mighty gift of the Deity, which enables mankind to cast a glance over the whole surface of creation, and even to penetrate occasionally with some success into its internal movements, is sadly limited in its faculties by the exclusive contemplation of individual excellence, even though the most wonderful and super-eminent in the annals of human existence.' vol. i. p. 173.

Of 'one, whose mind is his kingdom,'

'Too vehement for affectation or precision, we expect to see him with a neglected person, and eyes beaming an irregular and fearful fire.' vol. i. p. 180.

There is now, it seems, in our nobility,

'No liberal regard to genius, no feeling of the enthusiasms of eloquence, no sense of the splendour of the past, no conception of "the shadowy tribes of mind; no conscientious delicacy towards ancient pretensions; but a sad and low submission to the operation of shillings and pence, covered over with new or half-old titles, obtained by servility and corruption in office, and considered as grounds of monopoly and exclusion of all but themselves!' vol. i. p. 188.

Only one passage more: —

'His tongue indeed often died away in murmurs, but his countenance spoke the intenseness of his pleasure.' vol. i. p. 226.

There is the same verbiage throughout, and in the general mist of words, every object is magnified and indistinct.

At p. 12, of vol. i. we meet with the following passage;

'I believe the most stupid and ignorant peasant receives as much temporary gratification by a view from a hill, or in a pleasant dale, as Gilpin himself ever did. Possibly indeed much more.—

In what, then, does the pleasure, which Gilpin, or which

any man of taste and cultivated mind receives from such a view, consist? In a contemplation of beautiful colours merely, or of strait and curve lines? Surely not. This, indeed, is the pleasure of the eye; but the higher delight is of the mind. Every such scene suggests to the poet and the scholar ten thousand sweet and romantic associations, of which the peasant knows nothing. We have, elsewhere, spoken at large on this subject;* and as to the matter of fact, we refer our readers to an article in our last number. We may just add, that so far as we have observed, the external source of a peasant's pleasure is—not an extended landscape—but his own little garden. And the reason is obvious; it is with this that the pleasant associations of his mind are connected; here he employs the few leisure hours of his summer evening, with his little ones perhaps toddling about him; here he drinks tea with his family on a holyday; here his better feelings are called forth, and here they centre.

‘The operations of the mind in sleep have never yet been explained in the manner *the least satisfactory*.’ vol. i. p. 136.

Is the author acquainted with the theory of Professor Stewart? We shall not, however, enter into the subject at present, as we hope shortly to have another opportunity of bringing it at length before our readers.

‘He flies [a modern reader] from the amusing detail, and interesting naïveté of Lord Berners, and the copious particulars of Holinshead, to the vapid translations of Voltaire, and the more light and airy pages of Hume.’ vol. i. p. 141.

We trust that we have never given our sanction to the principles of such men as Voltaire and Hume by an immoderate praise of their literary merits, or by any praise unaccompanied with an avowed detestation of those principles. But it is impossible to pass over such a sentence as this. ‘The *vapid* translations of Voltaire!’ That these ‘vapid translations’ are among the most interesting abridgements of history, we have never yet heard denied. The narrative is lively and unencumbered, and the reflections are acute and philosophical. Even as to his historical accuracy, let us hear what such a judge as Robertson says. If he had mentioned the books, from which he draws his particulars, ‘many of his readers, who now consider him only as an entertaining and lively writer, would find that he is a learned and well-informed historian.’ As to the ‘light and airy pages of Hume,’

* In our review of ‘*Essays on the Pleasures arising from Literary composition*,’ and in other places.

we confess that they are not burthened with an endless detail of tournaments and battles and chamber-intrigues; but if civil wisdom be of sterling weight, if a thorough knowledge of the philosophy of politics and political economy be of any avail in the balance, if one fact stated to the purpose, and traced to its source and in its consequences, outweigh a score of isolated and unimportant ones, then, we presume, the pages of Hume are not altogether 'light and airy.'

Literary merit should always be considered apart from theological orthodoxy. These miserable men, ignorant, and wilfully ignorant of what pertained to their everlasting good, did yet possess both intellect and taste; and what purpose does it answer to deny it? Shall truth be defended by falsehood?

Essay 25, is on a curious and very important subject,—'how far history is true;' but we cannot say that the author has written very satisfactorily upon it. Grand matters of fact, which exert their influence over all nations, and which are obvious to every one's observation, can scarcely fail of being accurately handed down to posterity: but, when we consider how difficult it is, in many cases, to get at the real naked fact; and yet how eager people are to learn what they do not know, and how eager to publish whatever they do know; how utterly careless many are of the truth of what they relate; how many misunderstand, and how many misrepresent; how often the most important circumstances are let slip by the memory, and how often little touches are to be laid on by the fancy, to make a story and to produce an effect; how different the same thing appears when viewed through the media of different interests and passions:—when all these things are considered, we confess that we are inclined to be somewhat merciful to the historical sceptic. *Characters* the author considers as liable to little doubt. We are of a quite contrary opinion. The character even of common individuals, is not always to be judged of by actions; still less that of princes and of the great, who act through a great number of intermediate agents, and perhaps never learn the result of their commands. But, says the author, characters handed down to us by contemporary historians of different sentiments do yet agree in the general form and lineaments. This we deny: surely a person who had formed his opinions of Knox and Luther, from the authentic documents brought forward by M'Crie and Milner, would differ considerably from one who had derived his sentiments from less careful historians. The truth is, no one is likely to draw a character accurately who is not personally acquainted with the

man be pourtrays, and no one is likely to draw it impartially who is.

There is a good deal of poetry, written by the author and his friends, scattered through the volumes, more especially in the shape of sonnets; a good deal of quotation too from some of our older writers. In general, however, neither the one nor the other, is well qualified for relieving the heaviness of this work.

Art. V.—*The Life of Nelson*. By Robert Southey. In two volumes, 12mo. pp. 254 and 276. Price 10s. 1813. Murray.

IN every art and science, in every pursuit and profession of life, in which glory may be won by intellectual superiority, there have been a few names so illustrious, that their pre-eminence is universally acknowledged. Homer and Virgil in poetry, Demosthenes and Cicero in eloquence, Alexander and Cæsar in arms, stand unrivalled in antiquity. In every country, likewise, where honour is sought by excelling those who themselves excel, there has been a warrior, a philosopher, a poet, or an artist, to whom contemporaries and posterity, without grudging or disagreement, concede the palm of superiority. Thus among all the painters of Italy, Raphael,—and among all the sculptors, Michael Angelo,—are distinguished. Among the dramatists of England, Shakspeare,—and among the poets, Milton—claim undisputed priority. Though all that engage in the lists of fame may contend for the noblest prize, a single candidate obtains it; and when the strife is over, there are few even among the ablest competitors, who remain dissatisfied with the award of the public. The highest place is the point of a pyramid, which allows a pedestal but for one; the contention is chiefly for the stations below, where the steps broaden as they graduate downwards, and give room for more and more rivals to range abreast, till the scale ends at the base, round which the multitude of the unambitious live and die in oblivion, some admiring, others envying, the majority unheeding, the aspirers above them. It therefore happens, that while the most exalted rank among the great ones of the earth, is easily settled, historians and critics are infinitely at variance in their decisions respecting the precedence of those who are entitled to secondary or inferior stations. England, the daughter of the sea, has been the mother of many sons, who have displayed invincible prowess on her peculiar element. Who then has been the greatest British Admiral?—*‘Palmarum qui meruit ferat!’* This was the motto given to Nelson by the King of England, and let him bear the palm till

another conquers it from him. Whether we consider the multitude, the variety, or the extent of his services, with regard to their glory, their difficulty, their hazards, and their decisive consequences;—his personal merits, undaunted courage, inflexible perseverance, unwearied exertion; or his nautical skill, his military experience, his diplomatic energy, which negotiated with the same impetuosity with which he fought, and made peace in the same spirit he made war;—but above all, that transcendent quickness of mind, which enabled him to see and secure every accident of advantage that crossed him in his swiftest career of premeditated action; an instinct of prophetic feeling by which he could seize a moment in its flight, and fix it in perpetuity—a moment which being improved became immortal:—such was the moment at the battle of Copenhagen, when he sent a flag of truce into the capital, *offering*, instead of *asking*, a cessation of hostilities:—but we have lost ourselves amidst the blaze, which the very sparks of his splendid qualifications have kindled, while we were endeavouring barely to enumerate them; we must, therefore, sum up the sentence, by saying, that in all these splendid qualifications combined, Nelson has never been equalled; nor perhaps, in any of them separately considered, was he ever excelled. It would be far more difficult to place the next below him, than to maintain his title to that rank above the rest, which the majority of his countrymen have already awarded him, and which we are persuaded posterity will unanimously ratify: but for the second dignity among British admirals, both the dead and the living, from Drake to St. Vincent, might contend, and each have a host of champions to support his pretensions.

Of all the labours of man, in peace or in war, for commerce or for conquest, navigation is the hardest and the most perilous. Confined to that floating prison, a ship, yet free, as the bird in the sky, to rove over all the globe, the seaman is at once more straitened and more at large, more subject to adverse changes, and more at liberty to choose his way, than the traveller by land: there are no mountains, inclosures, or barriers on the deep; the adventurer is invited to pursue his course in any direction over one illimitable plain; yet every moment he is at the mercy of irresistible power, above and around him, to thwart his purpose, or to destroy his hope: the vessel, that has circumnavigated the world, may be wrecked on its return into the harbour from which it sailed. The services of an admiral are proportionably more hazardous, and his plans less certain of accomplishment, than those of a general. Hardships, anxieties, delays, disappointments, neither encountered nor imagined on shore, continually beset him. A general easily learns where his enemy is in the field, he can calculate when to meet him, or if necessary how to shun him, having nothing to fear from a more formidable enemy

in the wind, or in a deceitful element beneath him, to suspend his march by a calm, or to overwhelm it in a storm. If his adversary flees, he tracks him by spoils left behind; every foot that he advances is a step of possession, and the soil on which he has trodden, can only be wrested from him by superior force. On the sea there are no fortresses; there are no provinces to be conquered and retained; a flying enemy leaves to his pursuer only the common highway of nations, of which no part can be sequestered, or appropriated; nay, from the very next degree of latitude, the fugitive may double upon his course, and return to the station from which he was driven, while his antagonist continues his chase to the antipodes. An admiral is perpetually exposed to mischances; he may lay out his whole strength to secure fortune, yet a cloud may conceal, or a breeze bear her away, and another opportunity of achieving renown, never recur in a long life of watching and toil. The sovereignty of the sea is the proudest boast of man, and it is the vainest. The Romans could never subdue Britain, though they exercised dominion in the island; and Britain will never be able to subdue the sea, though she seems to 'rule the waves.' A fleet in motion seems a shoal of living creatures exulting on the surface of the brine; and the separate vessels, propelled by the *invisible* gale, and guided in one course, appear spontaneously consorting together in magnificent array: and implicitly obedient to his will, the Commander beholding them, feels himself invincible: at the signal of his flag, they steer northward or eastward, approach more closely, and sail in phalanx, or disperse more widely, and stud the whole horizon of waters. But suddenly, as if spirits possessed the air and the deep, from no cause that *the eye* can discover, the clouds gather into blackness, and the floods swell into fury; the charm that looked like life, and bound the fleet together, is broken; the authority of the Commander is gone; the vessels are scattered, or dashed one against another; every ship that before seemed an active being, moved by an impulse within itself, becomes a passive burthen on the waves, and is hurried precipitately before the tempest. The dispersion of Admiral Christian's fleet, which had been destined for the West Indies, early in the last war, affords a melancholy example of those tremendous dangers to which the ocean-warrior is exposed, and in which skill, courage, labour, and perseverance, are unavailing against swift and irresistible destruction.

But the life of an admiral is frequently a life of weariness and inactivity, though occasionally of almost supernatural energy and exertion. He is an absolute sovereign in the fleet; the lives of all that sail with him are in his keeping. He must maintain the most unrelaxing strictness, if not severity of disci-

pline, and yet he must be beloved by his sailors to enthusiasm. He has as much need of their hearts as of their hands in the day of battle, and an admiral hated, despised, or disregarded, by his crews, would be of little service to his country. Yet, after having secured all the advantages within the scope of human foresight, his talents may never be put to trial, or never put to a trial worthy of them. He may be rocked for years on the outside of an enemy's port, with a fleet fully equipped in his view; when, after a thousand expectations and disappointments, a squall drives him to sea for a few hours, and, on his return, the harbour is clear, the foe has escaped, and he may follow him, blindfold as to the course he has taken, to the world's end. If he overtakes and encounters him, in battle nothing can be gained by stratagem;—courage, skill, constancy, and a mind prompt to seize every opportunity of attempting the boldest exploits that include the possibility of success—these alone will serve him. Nelson was never deficient in these. In his unparalleled career, he gave proof of all that could be done or suffered by man to ensure his object, whatever that object might be: he exemplified the power of a mind enamoured of glory; to rise above the discouragements of humble birth and narrow fortune; to overcome all difficulties, dangers, and accidents, by sea and by land, from adverse elements, strange climates, or secret and open enemies; through all forms of the service; in pursuing, fighting, blockading, besieging, storming, and negotiating at the cannon's side with a lighted match in his hand.

We shall very briefly sketch the course of Nelson's adventurous life, and introduce such extracts from Mr. Southey's spirited narrative, as shall illustrate both the hero's and the biographer's merits. But we must conscientiously protest against the unqualified adoption of this work as 'a manual for the young sailor, which he may carry about with him, till he has treasured up the example in his memory and in his heart.' The conduct of Nelson must be held up *with reserve* as an *example*. Sublime his character was, and abundantly worthy of imitation, his implacable prejudices against the enemy with whom he had chiefly contend, and the ferocious predilection for havoc, which he always displayed on the prospect, and in the heat of battle, cannot be contemplated without horror by any one, who feels as man, and believes as a Christian. It is true that we look with wonder and admiration on a being so awful as Nelson in '*the capture of the strife*;' but does God, or do good angels, rejoice in the work of destruction? The perilous responsibility likewise, which Nelson frequently took upon himself, by disregarding the orders of his superiors, though uniformly justified by success, ought to be warily recommended to his followers. It was the first of three charges given by himself to a young

midshipman, 'you must always implicitly obey orders, without attempting to form any opinion of your own respecting their propriety;' yet in the West Indies, under Sir Richard Hughes; in the battle with the Spanish fleet, under Sir John Jervis; and at Copenhagen, under Sir Hyde Parker; he gloriously and pardonably, (as all men will now say,) offended against his own fundamental maxim. But if every officer who thinks himself a Nelson, should exercise similar discretion, there would be as many chances against such discretion's being right, as there are against any man's *being* a Nelson, who *thinks himself* one. There are, also, on record in these volumes, some glaring instances of misconduct in other respects, which Mr. Southey certainly has *not* held up as *examples*, but as *warnings*, to young seamen, though perhaps he has not sufficiently reprobated them.

Horatio Nelson, the son of the Rev. Edmund Nelson, was born at Burnham Thorpe, in Norfolk, September 29, 1758. At an early period he declared his choice of a sailor's life.

'When Horatio was only twelve years of age, being at home during the Christmas holidays, he read in the county newspaper that his uncle was appointed to the *Raisonnable*, of 64 guns. "Do William," said he to a brother who was a year and a half older than himself, "write to my father, and tell him I should like to go to sea with uncle Maurice." Mr. Nelson was then at Bath, whither he had gone for the recovery of his health: his circumstances were straitened, and he had no prospect of ever seeing them bettered: he knew that it was the wish of providing for himself by which Horatio was chiefly actuated; and did not oppose his resolution: he understood also the boy's character, and had always said, that in whatever station he might be placed, he would climb, if possible, to the very top of the tree. Accordingly Captain Suckling was written to. "What," said he in his answer, "has poor Horatio done, who is so weak, that he, above all the rest, should be sent to rough it out at sea? But let him come, and the first time we go into action a cannon ball may knock off his head, and provide for him at once." Vol. i. p. 4.

Soon after, however, he was taken from school to serve under his uncle, but as the latter commanded only a guard-ship in the Thames, the boy was sent in 1771, to the West Indies in a merchantman. He next sailed with Commodore Phipps on a voyage of discovery towards the north pole. Afterwards he was engaged on board the squadron of Sir Edward Hughes, destined for the East Indies. Thence he returned, debilitated in body and depressed in mind, to die at home,—but he had not yet earned his grave under the dome of St. Paul's. In 1780, having recovered strength enough again to brave death abroad, he was appointed to serve in the West Indies. We cannot follow the romantic story of his adventures in Mexico: it is pleasingly told by Mr. Southey. A second time he returned

England, a living skeleton, and went to Bath, where he was so helpless that he was carried to and from his bed. Indeed Nelson was a great sufferer from infancy; not having, like Charles XII., 'a frame of adamant,' yet like him, having 'a soul of fire;' his frail body was perpetually harassed and wasted by the restless spirit within, that was impatient of confinement, and often on the eve of escaping. But from his bed of sickness, or rather *on* it, he was sent as Captain of the Albemarle, to suffer the rigours of a northern winter in the Baltic; and when he had undergone that seasoning, he was ordered to Canada. Thence he passed to the West Indies, where he became acquainted with Prince William Henry, (now Duke of Clarence,) then serving under Lord Hood; from that time the Prince was a friend to him through life. In 1783, after a short visit to France, Nelson was a third time stationed in the West Indies, where he found himself senior captain, under Sir Richard Hughes, and consequently second in command. We must not enter into the details of his public spirited conduct in resisting the illegal practices of American interlopers, and faithless government contractors. He served his country most daringly and disinterestedly; for which he was happy to escape ruin, and a prison for life, instead of receiving thanks and remuneration. Indeed from the very outset of Nelson's career to his last expedition, the ministers of government seem to have always been slow, and sometimes reluctant to reward his merits. It was here in 1787, that he saw, and loved, and married, Mrs. Nisbet, the daughter of a physician of the island of Nevis. The purity and ardour of his attachment to this lady are glowingly displayed in the following extracts from letters, written to her during his occasional absence.

"We are often separate," said Nelson, in a letter to Mrs. Nisbet, a few months before their marriage; "but our affections are not by any means on that account diminished. Our country has the first demand for our services; and private convenience or happiness must ever give way to the public good. Duty is the great business of a sea officer: all private considerations must give way to it, however painful." "Have you not often heard," says he, in another letter, "that salt water and absence always wash away love? Now I am such a heretic as not to believe that faith: for behold, every morning I have had six pails of salt water poured upon my head, and instead of finding what seamen say to be true, it goes on so contrary to the prescription, that you must, perhaps, see me before the fixed time." More frequently his correspondence breathed a deeper strain. "To write letters to you," says he, "is the next greatest pleasure I feel to receiving them from you. What I experience when I read such as I am sure are the pure sentiments of your heart, my poor pen cannot express:—nor, indeed, would I give such for any pen or head which could express feelings of that kind.

Absent from you, I feel no pleasure: it is you who are every thing to me. Without you, I care not for this world; for I have found, lately, nothing in it but vexation and trouble. These are my present sentiments. God Almighty grant they may never change! Nor do I think they will. Indeed there is, as far as human knowledge can judge, a moral certainty that they cannot: for it must be real affection that brings us together; not interest or compulsion." Vol. i. p. 69, 70.

It is lamentable that the constancy of a passion so noble, did not equal its intensity.

In the earlier period of the French revolutionary war, Nelson accompanied Lord Hood to Toulon, and was subsequently employed by that Commander on an embassy to Naples, where he first saw Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Mr. Southey says:

‘Sir William, after his first interview with him, told Lady Hamilton he was about to introduce a little man to her, who could not boast of being very handsome; but such a man, as, he believed, would one day astonish the world. “I have never before,” he continued, “entertained an officer at my house; but I am determined to bring him here. Let him be put in the room prepared for Prince Augustus.” Thus that acquaintance began which ended in the destruction of Nelson’s domestic happiness. It seemed to threaten no such consequences at its commencement. He spoke of Lady Hamilton, in a letter to his wife, as a young woman of amiable manners, who did honour to the station to which she had been raised: and he remarked, that she had been exceedingly kind to Josiah, Mrs. Nelson’s son, by her former husband.” Vol. i. p. 88, 89.

We pass over the exploits of Nelson, at Sardinia, Corsica, and on the coast of Italy, under Admiral Hotham: his labours there alone, if he had afterwards achieved no greater things, would have been sufficient to have entitled him to rank among the first of British captains, though they were but the commonplace incidents of his life. Amidst all disheartening, appalling, and obstructing contingencies, he pressed right onward in his course of honour, and every step he took in climbing the steep of fame, though it presented only sharp ledges of rock, affording scarcely foothold, he made as sure as if he were marching on a plain, without a mole-hill of interruption.

In 1795 we find him, as Commodore Nelson, still in the Mediterranean, with Sir John Jervis. In the battle of St. Vincent, from which the Commander in chief derived his title of nobility, our hero distinguished himself by prodigies of enterprising valour. These revealed his name at once in the splendour which it had long been acquiring behind a cloud of untoward circumstances, and his country gazed on her proudest lumina already on the meridian, with as much wonder as if it had been unknown, and had just risen. Thenceforward, however,

public eye was never weary of following its progress through tempests, till it went down on the Atlantic with a blaze, that made the darkness of its absence *felt* throughout Europe. Before the battle of St. Vincent, he had thus written to his wife.

‘ “ Had all my actions been gazetted, not one fortnight would have passed, during the whole war, without a letter from me. One day or other I will have a long gazette to myself. I feel that such an opportunity will be given me. I cannot, if I am in the field of glory, be kept out of sight: wherever there is any thing to be done, there Providence is sure to direct my steps.” ’ Vol. i. p. 166.

Nelson afterwards undertook the desperate expedition against Teneriffe. This was one of the few instances in which consummate skill and unconquerable spirit failed to accomplish his end. He returned to England with the loss of an eye, and of his right arm. Here he was invested with the order of the Bath, and received a pension of £1000 a-year. His biographer adds,

‘ The memorial which, as a matter of form, he was called upon to present on this occasion, exhibited an extraordinary catalogue of services performed during the war. It stated, that he had been in four actions with the fleets of the enemy, and in three actions with boats employed in cutting out of harbour, in destroying vessels, and in taking three towns: he had served on shore with the army four months, and commanded the batteries at the sieges of Bastia and Calvi; he had assisted at the capture of seven sail of the line, six frigates, four corvettes, and eleven privateers: taken and destroyed near fifty sail of merchant vessels; and actually been engaged against the enemy upwards of an hundred and twenty times; in which service he had lost his right eye and right arm, and been severely wounded and bruised in his body.’ Vol. i. p. 197.

Early in 1798, Nelson, now an admiral, rejoined Earl St. Vincent in the Mediterranean. When Buonaparte sailed, with an immense armament, from Toulon, on an unknown expedition, Nelson was despatched in quest of him: had these two men encountered, the history of Europe, for the last sixteen years, might have been different from what it is in every page, and the name that oftenest occurs there, might have been mentioned, for the last time, in the summer of 1798. Nelson's little fleet was dispersed by a storm, off the coast of Sardinia, which delayed the pursuit. His own ship was probably rescued from foundering, in spite of himself, by Captain Ball, who resolutely took it in tow, and carried the admiral safe into Sardinia. This was an act of disobedience, according to Nelson's own heart, though committed against his own orders, and from that time, he and Ball, who had been cool before, became perfectly cordial

towards one another. We quote a passage from a letter, written on this occasion to his wife, which strikingly exhibits one strange peculiarity of his mind, the most towering ambition, subjected to a very humbling sense of weakness under divine superiority.

“ I ought not to call what has happened to the Vanguard by the cold name of accident ; I believe firmly it was the Almighty's goodness, to check my consummate vanity. I hope it has made me a better officer, as I feel confident it has made me a better man. Figure to yourself, on Sunday evening, at sunset, a vain man walking in his cabin, with a squadron around him, who looked up to their chief to lead them to glory, and in whom their chief placed the firmest reliance that the proudest ships of equal numbers belonging to France would have lowered their flags ;—figure to yourself, on Monday morning, when the sun rose, this proud man, his ship dismasted, his fleet dispersed, and himself in such distress, that the meanest frigate out of France would have been an unwelcome guest.” Vol. i. p. 206.

While he was refitting at Sardinia, he was reinforced by eleven ships of the line, and then, for the first time in his life, he found himself at the head of a magnificent armament, well appointed, worthy of its commander, and prepared for any service, however dreadful, to which he might lead it. Unfortunately his frigates had been separated in the storm, and could not afterwards rejoin the fleet. This was the loss of his eyes to him, and his subsequent pursuit of the French to Egypt, back to Naples, and thence to Egypt again, was a chase in the dark, for want of these light and swift vessels to look out perpetually, and on every hand, for the enemy. That enemy, at length, he found in the port of Alexandria. The battle of the Nile followed, and raised him to the highest honour of his profession, and to the lowest of the peerage.

‘ The victory,’ says Mr. Southey, ‘ was complete ; but Nelson could not pursue it as he would have done, for want of means. Had he been provided with small craft, nothing could have prevented the destruction of the storeships and transports in the port of Alexandria :—four bomb-vessels would at that time have burnt the whole in a few hours. “ Were I to die this moment,” said he in his dispatches to the Admiralty, “ want of frigates would be found stamped on my heart. No words of mine can express what I have suffered, and am suffering, for want of them.” ’ Vol. i. p. 239.

This is part of the price which the hero must pay for glory acquired by inflicting misery and death on his fellow-creatures : comparatively small disappointments inflicted anguish on his mind, which no words can express. But at what a cost of suffering to thousands and tens of thousands of mortals, alive to all the woes that flesh is heir to, and liable to all the perils to which spirits, fallen, yet immortal, are exposed through eternity, is the

glory of one Nelson purchased ! But Nelson had achieved a great deliverance ; not only Europe, but even India felt relieved from a burthen of fear too horrible to be endured. The Grand Seignior, and the King of Naples, were the first monarchs to reward him with honours and endowments. At home he was created Baron Nelson, of the Nile, and a pension of 2000*l.* a-year, for three lives, was conferred upon him. Meanwhile, at Naples, he tarnished the lustre of his victory in Egypt. He fell into the toils of Lady Hamilton ; and equally intoxicated with passion and pride, acted unworthily, and even cruelly, as the executioner of Neapolitan vengeance on those subjects of the King, who had been compelled or seduced, by French violence or craft, to violate their allegiance. His biographer thus speaks of Lady Hamilton.

‘ Emma Lady Hamilton, who from this time so greatly influenced his future life, was a woman whose personal accomplishments have seldom been equalled, and whose powers of mind were not less fascinating than her person. She was passionately attached to the queen ; and by her influence the British fleet had obtained those supplies at Syracuse, without which, Nelson always asserted, the battle of Aboukir could not have been fought. During the long interval which passed before any tidings were received, her anxiety had been hardly less than that of Nelson himself ; while pursuing an enemy of whom he could obtain no information ; and when the tidings were brought her by a joyful bearer open-mouthed, its effect was such, that she fell like one who had been shot. She and Sir William had literally been made ill by their hopes and fears, and joy at a catastrophe so far exceeding all that they had dared to hope for. Their admiration for the hero necessarily produced a degree of proportionate gratitude and affection ; and when their barge came alongside the Vanguard, at the sight of Nelson Lady Hamilton sprang up the ship’s side, and exclaiming, O God ! is it possible ! fell into his arms,—more, he says, like one dead than alive. He described the scene as “ terribly affecting.”’ Vol. ii. pp. 7—9.

But amidst all the delirium of glory and adulation that bewildered his senses, till he lost *himself*, Nelson was a most unenviable being. In a letter, *not* addressed to his wife, for from her he was now alienated, though a few weeks before, in the battle of the Nile, when he thought himself mortally wounded, he charged his chaplain to deliver to her his dying remembrance ;—in a letter, addressed to his old friend, Mr. Alexander Davison, he says,

‘ “ Believe me, my only wish is to sink with honour into the grave ; and when that shall please God, I shall meet death with a smile. Not that I am insensible to the honours and riches my king and country have heaped upon me,—so much more than any officer could deserve ; yet am I ready to quit this world of trouble, and envy none but those of the estate six feet by two.”’ Vol. ii p. 43.

In 1800, Nelson returned to England, where, says his biographer, 'he had every earthly blessing except domestic happiness; he had forfeited that for ever. Before he had been three months at home, he was separated from Lady Nelson. Some of his last words to her were, "I call God to witness, there is nothing in you, or in your conduct, that I wish otherwise." This was the consequence of his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton. It had before caused a quarrel with his son-in-law, and occasioned remonstrances from his true friends; which produced no other effect than that of making him displeased with them, and more dissatisfied with himself. He did not long remain unemployed. In the spring of 1801, he was appointed second in command to Admiral Sir Hyde Parker, over a fleet sent to the Baltic, to chastise Denmark, Sweden, and Russia, for a coalition with France, against the maritime rights of Britain. Mr. Southey's narrative of this expedition, though minute in detail, is admirable in execution, and more picturesque and impressive than any thing that we have met with in these volumes. The talents of the historian, and the powers of his hero, are here displayed to the utmost advantage. We shall quote the description of the passage of the Sound by the British fleet, which ushers in the awful tragedy of the battle of Copenhagen, and presents to the mind a scene of beauty and solemnity, of magnificence and terror, that makes the heart throb with expectation and fear, while it is dilated with sublime and ineffable emotion, as the pictures, drawn by the poetical writer, by land and water, of living and inanimate nature, are perfectly realized in the reader's imagination.

'Great actions, whether military or naval, have generally given celebrity to the scenes from whence they are denominated; and thus petty villages, and capes, and bays, known only to the coasting trader, become associated with mighty deeds, and their names are made conspicuous in the history of the world. Here, however, the scene was every way worthy of the drama. The political importance of the Sound is such, that grand objects are not needed there to impress the imagination; yet is the channel full of grand and interesting objects, both of art and nature. This passage, which Denmark had so long considered as the key of the Baltic, is, in its narrowest part, about three miles wide; and here the city of Elsineur is situated; except Copenhagen, the most flourishing of the Danish towns. Every vessel which passes, lowers her top-gallant sails, and pays toll at Elsineur: a toll which is believed to have had its origin in the consent of the traders to that sea, Denmark taking upon itself the charge of constructing light houses, and erecting signals, to mark the shoals and rocks from the Cattegat to the Baltic: and they, on their part, agreeing that all ships should pass this way, in order that all might pay their shares: none from that time using the passage of the Belt, because it was not fitting that they, who enjoyed the benefit

the beacons in dark and stormy weather, should evade contributing to them in fair seasons and summer nights. Of late years about ten thousand vessels had annually paid this contribution in time of peace. Adjoining Elsinour, and at the edge of a peninsular promontory, upon the nearest point of land to the Swedish coast, stands Cronenburg Castle, built after Tycho Brahe's design; a magnificent pile; at once a palace, and fortress, and state prison, with its spires and towers, and battlements and batteries. On the left of the strait is the old Swedish city of Helsingburg; at the foot and on the side of a hill. To the north of Helsingburg the shores are steep and rocky; they lower to the south; and the distant spires of Landskrona, Lund, and Malmoe, are seen in the flat country. The Danish shores consist partly of ridges of sand; but, more frequently, their slopes are covered with rich wood, and villages and villas, denoting the vicinity of a great capital. The isles of Huen, Saltholm, and Amak, appear in the widening channel; and, at the distance of twenty miles from Elsinour, stands Copenhagen, in full view; the best built city of the north, and one of the finest capitals of Europe; visible, with its stately spires, far off. Amid these magnificent objects, there are some which possess a peculiar interest for the recollections which they call forth. The isle of Huen, a lovely domain, about six miles in circumference, had been the munificent gift of Frederic the Second to Tycho Brahe. Here most of his discoveries were made; and here the ruins are to be seen of his observatory, and of the mansion where he was visited by princes; and where, with a princely spirit, he received and entertained all comers from all parts, and promoted science by his liberality, as well as by his labours. Elsinour is a name familiar to English ears, being inseparably associated with Hamlet, and one of the noblest works of human genius. Cronenburg had been the scene of deeper tragedy: here Queen Matilda was confined, the victim of a foul and murderous court intrigue. Here, amid heart-breaking griefs, she found consolation in nursing her infant. Here she took her everlasting leave of that infant, when, by the interference of England, her own deliverance was obtained; and, as the ship bore her away from a country, where the venial indiscretions of youth and unsuspecting gaiety had been so cruelly punished; upon these towers she fixed her eyes, and stood upon the deck, obstinately gazing toward them, till the last speck had disappeared.

'The Sound being the only frequented entrance to the Baltic, the great Mediterranean of the North, few parts of the sea display so frequent a navigation. In the height of the season, not fewer than an hundred vessels pass every four-and-twenty hours, for many weeks in succession: but never had so busy or so splendid a scene been exhibited there as on this day, when the British fleet prepared to force that passage, where, till now, all ships had veiled their top-sails to the flag of Denmark. The whole force consisted of fifty-one sail, of various descriptions; of which sixteen were of the line. The greater part of the bomb and gun vessels took their station off Cronenburg Castle, to cover the fleet; while others, on the larboard, were ready to engage the Swedish shore. The Danes, having improved every moment which ill-timed negotiation and baffling weather gave them,

had lined their shore with batteries; and as soon as the *Monarch*, which was the leading ship, came abreast of them, a fire was opened from about a hundred pieces of cannon and mortars: our light vessels immediately, in return, opened their fire upon the castle. Here was all the pompous circumstance and exciting reality of war, without its effects; for this ostentatious display was but a bloodless prelude to the wide and sweeping destruction which was soon to follow. The enemies' shot fell near enough to splash the water on board our ships: not relying upon any forbearance of the Swedes, they meant to have kept the mid channel: but, when they perceived that not a shot was fired from Helsingburg, and that no batteries were to be seen on the Swedish shore, they inclined to that side, so as completely to get out of reach of the Danish guns. The uninterrupted blaze which was kept up from them till the fleet had passed, served only to exhilarate our sailors, and afford them matter for jest, as the shot fell in showers a full cable's length short of its destined aim. A few rounds were returned from some of our leading ships, till they perceived its inutility:—this, however, occasioned the only bloodshed of the day, some of our men being killed and wounded by the bursting of a gun. As soon as the main body had passed, the gun vessels followed, desisting from their bombardment, which had been as innocent as that of the enemy; and, about mid-day, the whole fleet anchored between the island of Huen and Copenhagen. Sir Hyde, with Nelson, Admiral Graves, some of the senior captains, and the commanding officers of the artillery and the troops, then proceeded in a lugger, to reconnoitre the enemies' means of defence; a formidable line of ships, radeaus, pontoons, galleys, fire-ships, and gun-boats, flanked and supported by extensive batteries, and occupying, from one extreme point to the other, an extent of nearly four miles.' Vol. ii. p. 102—109.

We would willingly quote the whole account of the tremendous engagement that ensued, but must content ourselves with the account of Nelson's personal conduct during it, which exemplifies some of the principal traits of his character,—romantic intrepidity, stimulated, rather than repressed, by a deep consciousness of mortality, and the continual thought of present death,—a terrible delight in the tumult and devastation of battle,—excessive anxiety for the issue,—and a stern disdain of the orders of an inferior mind in a superior officer.

'Nelson's agitation had been extreme when he saw himself, before the action begun, deprived of a fourth part of his ships of the line. But no sooner was he in battle, where his squadron was received with the fire of more than a thousand guns, than, as if that artillery, like music, had driven away all care and painful thoughts, his countenance brightened; and as a bye-stander describes him, his conversation became joyous, animated, elevated, and delightful. The commander-in-chief mean-time, near enough to the scene of action to know the unfavourable accidents which had so materially weakened Nelson, and yet too distant to know the real state of the contending parties, suffered the most dreadful anxiety. To get to his assistance

was impossible ; both wind and current were against him. Fear for the event, in such circumstances, would naturally preponderate in the bravest mind; and, at one o'clock, perceiving that, after three hours' endurance, the enemy's fire was unslackened, he began to despair of success; and thinking it became him to save what he could from the hopeless contest, he made signal for retreat. Nelson was now in all the excitement of action, pacing the quarter deck. A shot through the main-mast knocked the splinters about; and he observed to one of his officers, with a smile: "It is warm work; and this day may be the last to any of us at a moment:"—and then stopping short at the gangway, added, with emotion—"But mark you! I would not be elsewhere for thousands." About this time the signal lieutenant called out, that No. 39, (the signal for discontinuing the action) was thrown out by the commander-in-chief. He continued to walk the deck, and appeared to take no notice of it. The signal officer met him at the next turn, and asked if he should repeat it. "No," he replied; "acknowledge it." Presently he called after him, to know if the signal for close action was still hoisted; and being answered in the affirmative, said, "Mind you keep it so." He now paced the deck, moving the stump of his lost arm in a manner which always indicated great emotion. "Do you know," said he to Mr. Ferguson, "what is shown on board the commander in chief? Number 39!" Mr. Ferguson asked what that meant.—"Why, to leave off action!" Then, shrugging up his shoulders, he repeated the words—"Leave off action? Now damn me if I do! You know, Foley," turning to the captain, "I have only one eye,—I have a right to be blind sometimes:"—and then putting the glass to his blind eye, in that mood of mind which sports with bitterness, he exclaimed, "I really do not see the signal!" Presently he exclaimed, "Damn the signal! Keep mine for closer battle flying! That's the way I answer such signals. Nail mine to the mast." Vol. ii. p. 121—124.

After the battle, as he left his ship, he said, in bitter sportive-ness: 'Well, I have fought contrary to orders, and I shall perhaps be hanged. Never mind, let them!' But his services had been too eminent, his judgement too conspicuous, his success too signal, for his commander to express any thing but satisfaction, that day. The circumstances under which the battle ended in negotiation, and negotiation in peace, are well known, and we have not room to expatiate on them. Nelson was the negotiator, as he had been the belligerent, and in a few hours he did more than a regular diplomatist would have accomplished in as many months. On his return home he was created a Viscount. His next expedition was not of his own choosing, nor in his own style. It was a sanguinary and disastrous attack on the French gun-boats at Boulogne; 'the Mosquito-fleet,' as Mr. Addington contemptuously designated them.

After the peace of Amiens, Nelson retired to a house which he had purchased at Merton, in Surrey, meaning to pass his days there with Sir William and Lady Hamilton. Sir William did

not long survive. He expired in his wife's arms, holding Nelson by the hand; and almost in his last words left her to his protection. On the renewal of hostilities, Nelson took the command of the blockading fleet off Toulon. On this station he continued more than two years, during which period he went on shore thrice only, each time on the king's business, and for not more than an hour. In January, 1805, the French fleet escaped out of Toulon, and joining the Spanish, sailed to the West Indies. Nelson was then at Sardinia, and though scarcely twenty-four hours behind them, at the outset, so uncertain are operations by sea, that he pursued them in vain to Malta, to Barbary, through the Straits of Gibraltar, across the Atlantic, and back to Spain. From this unparalleled chase of more than seven thousand miles, full speed, (after a stagnation of blockade for eight and twenty months,) Nelson returned to England, in August, worn out by fatigue, depressed by anxiety, and irritated by ill success. On landing at Portsmouth, he first received certain intelligence of the return of the combined fleets to Europe. Sir Robert Calder had encountered them west of Cape Finisterre, with an inferior force, had defeated them, and taken two ships of the line. He hurried away to Merton, to hide his sorrows with Lady Hamilton. But he was more miserable in retirement than he had been in the agony and paroxysm of expectation and disappointment. Lady Hamilton, perceiving the internal sufferings that consumed him, amidst affected cheerfulness, seconded his secret desire, though she appeared to prompt it, by conjuring him again to offer his services to Government. He did so; his tender was accepted, and Nelson once more left his native country, to take the command of a fleet, destined to achieve the greatest naval victory on record. We shall lead our readers at once to the scene. Of course Mr. Southey lays out his whole strength to describe the last triumph of his hero.

On the 21st of October, while, in Germany, the cowardly and incapable General Mack was surrendering himself and his army alive into the hands of Buonaparte, in that very hour the naval arm of France was broken, and it remains crippled to this day. It was remarked at the time, that it must have been a most humiliating consideration to the insolent conqueror of Europe, that, when he was insulting his captives at Ulm, and tauntingly telling them, he had no ambition to extend his territory on the continent, he wanted only *ships, colonies, and commerce*; while the words were yet warm on his lips, the unseen arm of Nelson struck him dumb by this wonderful blow; and he never recovered his speech on the subject again. The particulars of this memorable fight off Cape Trafalgar, and the afflicting circumstances accompanying Nelson's fall, have been so fully and

so frequently published, that we need not lament the want of room for them here. The death-piece itself we must, however, give.

'By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone. I know it. I feel something rising in my breast,"—putting his hand on his left side,—"which tells me so." And upon Beatty's inquiring whether his pain was very great? he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same under tone, he added: "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cockpit, returned; and again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly:—but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson; "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said: "Anchor, Hardy: anchor." Hardy, upon this, hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy!" said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "Do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him, in a low voice; "Don't throw me overboard:" and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the king to order it otherwise. Then, reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy: take care of poor Lady Hamilton."—"Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down, and kissed his cheek: and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two; then knelt again, and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson; and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

'Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain: "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner:" and, after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton, and my daughter Horatia, as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty!" These words he had repeatedly pronounced; and they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four,—three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound' Vol. ii. p. 261—263.

On this affecting scene, which awakens feelings more connected with eternity than with time, we shall make no comments; but we cannot forego the painful obligation of saying, that there is something in it to regret besides the national loss of so great a man.

Mr. Southey has not given what is called a *character* of his hero, at the close of his narrative: we are sorry for this, because the omission of such a moral portrait, is a defect in a work, expressly recommended by the author himself to be made a manual for the young sailor. What Mr. Southey has omitted, we shall not presume to supply. We will only add briefly, that Nelson was a man of most original and comprehensive genius; his energies matured, experienced, concentrated, were incessantly directed to one point; and his amazing mind, inflamed by unbounded ambition, yet awed by a peculiar sense of religion, that rather haunted than governed him, exalted by enthusiastic patriotism, exasperated by remorseless hostility to France, rendered romantic by his insane attachment to Lady Hamilton, and latterly supported by the power and the purse of the nation;—at length accomplished all his heart's desire. There never was a commander who owed less to good fortune, or to the abilities of others, in the conception, superintendence, and general issue of his plans: at the same time, there never was a commander who more readily availed himself of good fortune, when she came in his way; nor one, under whom able officers had more frequent and signal opportunities of distinguishing themselves. With his death closed the most splendid era of the naval history of his country. It will be an age before there is *work* for another NELSON.

Art. VI. 1. *Ode on the Deliverance of Europe*. By J. H. Merivale, Esq. Svo. pp. 12. price 1s. 6d. Murray, 1814.

2. *Buonaparte*, a Poem. Svo. pp. 15. price 1s. 6d. Murray, 1814.

3. *A Song of Triumph*. By William Sotheby. 4to. pp. 12. price 2s. 6d. Murray, 1814.

EFFUSIONS such as these have a claim upon attention beyond that of their intrinsic merit, so far as they may be considered as exhibiting in some degree, the nature of public feeling, and as affording at the same time, some intimations of the average quality of the poetic genius or taste now in currency, and which is ready to be excited by the provocative of occasion.—One is curious to see how far the deep-felt interest of passing events has the effect of stirring up the lyric fervour in minds of loftier powers, or how far themes such as these will be found to supply their own appropriate ideas to those of smaller compass and feebler energies. Productions which result from the ebullition of popular feeling, or which relate to the transactions of the day, cannot be expected to survive the emotions in which they had their birth. In order to suit these feelings, they must partake

of that exaggeration which characterizes the first impression. When the Poet usurps the office and the fame of the Orator, a transient impression remembered only in its effects, is all he can hope to secure. That poetry which will be read by the next generation, must anticipate the cool but just decisions of history, and partake of the elevation of character which regards the future as already acted in the consequences of the present, and the present, as sealed up and mingled with the past.

We have selected these poems, from many others, as possessing superior claims to attention. The 'Ode on the Deliverance of Europe' is by the author of a poem, entitled 'Orlando in Roncesvalles,' (now on our table,) and which displays a very cultivated taste.—Our readers shall judge for themselves of the merits of this production.

' The hour of blood is past,
Blown the last trumpet's blast,
Peal'd the last thunders of the embattled line:
From hostile shore to shore
" The bale-fires gleam no more,"
But friendly beacons o'er the billows shine,
To light, as to their common home,
The prows of every port that cut the salt sea-foam,

" " Peace to the Nations!"—Peace?
O sound of glad release
To millions in forgotten bondage lying,
In joyless exile thrown
On coasts remote, unknown,
Where Hope herself, if just sustain'd from dying,
Yet sheds so dim and pale a light
As makes Creation pall upon the sickening sight.

" " Peace! Peace the world around!"—
Oh strange, yet welcome sound
To myriads more that ne'er beheld her face;
And, if a doubtful fame
Yet handed down her name
In faded memory of an elder race,
It seem'd some visionary form,
Some Ariel, fancy bred, to soothe the mimic storm.'
Ode on Deliverance, &c. p. 3.

If the world should indeed be fated to enjoy repose for any period sufficiently long to establish national confidence, and to give the character of permanent security to Peace, it will doubtless be with peculiar shame mingled with horror, that we shall look back on the long succession of years of continued bloodshed and distress from which Europe is now

emerging—which have so familiarized us with all shapes of evil and aggression, that the sense of their enormity has become blunted. Events which would once have filled the mind with consternation, have of late almost ceased to affect us in any powerful or lasting degree; and, as the last aggravation of War, with the remembrance of Peace the wish for her return has seemed to die away.

‘ Breathe, breathe again, ye free,
The air of Liberty,
The native air of Wisdom, Virtue, Joy!
And, might ye know to keep
The golden wealth ye reap,
Not thirty years of terror and annoy,
Of mad destructive anarchy
And pitiless oppression were a price too high.

‘ Vaulting ambition! mourn
Thy bloody laurels torn,
And ravished from thy grasp the sin-earn’d prize!
Or, if thy meteor fame
Yet wins the Fool’s acclaim,
Let him behold thee yok’d with cowardice,
Then pass with a disdainful smile
The blasted, scorn’d poor man of Elba’s rocky Isle*.’

We purposely abstain from verbal criticism on these minor productions. There is, at least, poetical merit in the above extracts to redeem all the faults which the minuter eye of Critics less candid than ourselves might be able detect.

The Poem entitled ‘Buonaparte’ is by no mean practitioner: it partakes, however, too much of the stiff artificial manner of the Oxford school, which has sent out so many prize poems, but so few poets. In compositions of this class, every expression and every cadence appears to be modelled and measured in strict accordance with obvious rules of art, and the thoughts march on in even majestic tenour, but seldom swell or rise above the forms of language, with that repletion of feeling, or power of expansion, which characterizes the ‘thoughts that breathe and words that burn.’—The following lines, however, are full of force and spirit. They appear to us strongly to resemble the style of Mr. Heber’s ‘Palestine.’

‘ But thee, base man, no generous warmth inspires!
No virtue mingles with thy raging fires!
In thee Ambition is a fiend-like vice:—
The brain of phrenzy, and the heart of ice.

* “The blind old man of Scio’s rocky Isle.” *Bride of Abydos.*

Oh! bold in guilt—in havock undismay'd!
While circling hosts extend their guardian shade,
Tyrant! 'tis thine, with cool indifferent eye,
To range the field where mangled thousands lie,
And all untouch'd by Pity's softening ray,
There scheme the carnage of a future day:
But once if Danger pass th' allotted bound,
Bursting the living rampart fix'd around,
Then sinks thy soul! and as the storm rolls near,
Thy demons, Pride and Vengeance, quail to Fear:—
Sure, Heav'n in kindness arm'd thy rage with pow'r,
And turn'd thee loose to ravage and devour,
That slaves, who trembled at a Tyrant's nod,
Might learn how vile the worship and the god.

' Well has thy course the high intent fulfill'd!
E'en atheists own 'twas more than man that will'd.
Blood has not stream'd, nor nations wept in vain:
The great example pays an age of pain!
Mean as thou wert on Egypt's burning strand,
The false deserter of thy helpless band,
And meaner still, when Russia saw thee fly,
With quivering lip, and fear-dejected eye,
Glad to betray, at Fortune's earliest frown,
The lives of myriads to redeem thy own;
Yet could not hate itself conceive a close,
So lost, so abject as thy baseness chose.'

' Go then! poor breathing monument of shame!—
Immortal infamy shall be thy fame!
Live—while thou canst; the Muse recalls her pray'r:
Thy fate she recks not; 'tis beneath her care.
Too mean for vengeance, and for fear too low,
To thy lone isle, and cheerless mansion, go!
Yet think what dire attendants wait thee there:
Terror, Remorse, Derision, and Despair.
The veriest wretch, by chance-compassion fed,—
No mud-built roof to shade his weary head,—
Shall pass thee by with look of conscious pride,
And laugh to scorn th' unsceptred Homicide.
Another race, ere long, shall vainly seek
In thy wan beamless eye, and faded cheek,
One trace of him, whose fiery spirit pour'd
From realm to realm the deluge of the sword.' pp. 8—10.

Our attention was drawn to the third poem we have selected for notice, by the name of the author, 'the elegant translator of Wieland's *Oberon*.' But if it were a just canon of criticism,

To fame whate'er is due to give to fame,
And what we cannot praise, forget to name,

we should be induced to pass over this 'Song of Triumph' in silence. Conceiving, however, that the author is one who least deserves mercy, because he offends, neither from ignorance of the laws of taste, nor from inability to comply with their exactions; because he has written badly when he might have written well; we deem it an act of public justice to take cognizance of his misdemeanour. Without further preamble, our indictment charges him with being guilty of a poem, bearing title 'A Song of Triumph,' which begins with the following lines :

' Break into song, ye nations !—earth rejoice,
Lift unto heav'n the triumph of thy voice !
" Is this the vaunting Chief who, drunk with war,
Mid nations chain'd to his triumphal car,
Swept on from realm to realm, while earth around
Reel'd, as her tow'rs and temples smote the ground ?
This the proud Chief, sole monarch of the globe,
Who died in blood of Kings th' imperial robe,
And thron'd on wreck of empires round him hurl'd,
Soar'd like a Demon o'er a ruin'd world,
Saw but the sun above his haughty brow,
And his colossal shade on earth below ;
Save where stern Freedom in her strength, alone,
Tow'r'd o'er the deep on Albion's Island-throne,
At Gaul's gigantic host, her lightning hurl'd,
And held her Ægis o'er a rescued world." ' pp. 1, 2.

Now here are, certainly, some unorganized rudiments of poetical thought and diction : but to say nothing of *earth reeling round* 'the vaunting chief,' and 'empires hurl'd round' him too, what sort of an idea can we have of a *throne* made out of a 'wreck' (of empires), and of his *soaring* upon this *throne* ? Then, after telling us that 'sole monarch of the globe' he soar'd 'o'er a ruin'd world,' the Poet adds, that Freedom, seated upon another towering throne, holds her Ægis 'o'er a rescued world,'—another world, we presume; but still this were an awkward position for covering that other world with her Ægis. But lest we should be suspected to have selected this passage in very spitefulness, we are compelled to make a few more extracts.

' But thou ! thou yet art living ; yet the tomb
Awaits thee : yet the impenetrable gloom
That rolls its darkness round each mortal eye,
And shrouds the secret of futurity,
Rests on thy brow ! Oh Thou that tow'r'd'st sublime,
Earth's gaze—earth's curse—earth's mockery—man of crime !

This last line is admirably adapted to exercise the reader's powers of articulation.—Once more :

‘ Oh Thou, who mindful of a nation’s groan,
Didst sooth its pang, regardless of thine own ;
When, in her beauty, like the morning star,
Went the devoted bride, and clos’d the war ;
Thou ! whose mail’d strength, ere earth was bath’d in blood,
Lone mid the van of either army stood,
And when on doubtful poise the battle hung,
In Fate’s suspended scale the falchion flung,
And turn’d the beam ; lo, grac’d with spoils of war
Wreath’d peace o’ershadows thy imperial car,
And waves thy banner high, and wide displays
Thy eagles basking in the solar blaze.’ p. 6.

Now if a gentleman, fired with the idea of writing a ‘ song of triumph ’ on so irresistible an occasion as the late events, and mistaking the bustle of gorgeous images and indistinct feelings, which filled his mind, for that genuine enthusiasm to which a Poet is bound to yield obedience, should, under the power of the first impulse, sit down to the composition of 2 or 300 lines like these, and think he had produced poetry,—we could not blame him, nor would it be to us any matter of astonishment : the case is so very common.—But if, on his returning to his candlelight labours in the morning, and surveying them by the cool undeceiving light of day, they should still appear to him, from their retaining the power of exciting his own mind, to be what he intended and hoped to produce,—we suppose there is no remedy ;—he must publish them. If during the mechanical process of printing, however, the delusion is not dissipated, but his production appears only still more imposing, or attractive, as displayed by Mr. Bulmer’s compositor, then it is high time for some friendly critic to interpose, and coolly to inform him of his mistake. It is not indeed worth while, in nine cases out of ten, to disturb the even current of an author’s complacency, by so unwelcome remarks ; but when a gentleman, who has some celebrity to lose, is visited with such a delusion, it is worth while to pull him by the sleeve, and just to say, ‘ My good Sir, you surely do not mean that for Poetry.’ ‘ Mr. Sotheby,’ we are informed in the *Literary Advertiser*, ‘ will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies.’—We have an unfeigned respect for Mr. Sotheby. We only give him this gentle caution, in kindness, and entreat him to beware how he publishes any more *songs of triumph*.

Art. VIII. *The Feast of the Poets.* With Notes and other Pieces, in Verse. By the Editor of the Examiner. Fcap 8vo. pp. 158. price 6s. Cawthorne, 1814.

THIS is a lively little jeu d'esprit, which made its first appearance in the Reflector. It now comes out with a long tail of criticism and literary gossiping. The leading idea, as the author observes, is not original: it was first borrowed from the Italians, and has already furnished two or three little pieces of wit and malignity in our own language. The one before us is distinguished from its predecessors by a playfulness of fancy, and an easy elegance of style, to which assuredly they never pretended.

'T'other day, as Apollo sat pitching his darts
Through the clouds of November, by fits and by starts,
He began to consider how long it had been,
Since the bards of Old England had all been rung in.
'I think,' said the god, recollecting, (and then
He fell twiddling a sunbeam as I may my pen),
'I think—let me see—yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago now as that Buckingham there:
And yet I cant see why I have been so remiss,
Unless it may be—and it certainly is,
That since Dryden's fine verses and Milton's sublime,
I have fairly been sick of their sing-song and rhyme.
There was Collins, 'tis true, had a good deal to say;
But the rogue had no industry,—neither had Gray:
And Thomson, though best in his indolent fits,
Either slept himself weary, or bloated his wits.
But ever since Pope spoil'd the ears of the town
With his cuckoo-song verses, half up and half down,
There has been such a doling and sameness,—by Jove,
I'd as soon have gone down to see Kemble in love.
However, of late as they've rous'd them anew,
I'll e'en go and give them a lesson or two,
And as nothing's done there now-a-days without eating,
See what kind of set I can muster worth treating.
So saying, the god bade his horses walk for'ard:
And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard:
For Gordon's he made; and as gods who drop in do,
Came smack on his legs through the drawing-room window.'

pp. 1—2.

Here the poets come to pay their respects to their patron-god. Out of them, however, he finds only four who are worthy to be admitted to his feast,—Southey, and Scott, and Moore, and Campbell. The others are disposed of in different ways, according to their merit,—or according to Mr. Hunt's opinion thereof.

Our readers will be pleased with his godship's reception of *Mister Crabbe*,—at least, if our criticisms, from time to time, have had the intended effect upon their taste with regard to that author. The appearance of Mr. Hayley is at all events very characteristic.

‘ ‘ Your Majesty then,’ said the Gaius, ‘ don’t know
That a person nam’d Crabbe has been waiting below ?
He has taken his chair in the kitchen, they say,’
‘ Indeed!’ said Apollo, ‘ Oh pray let him stay :
He’ll be much better pleased to be with ’em down stairs,
And will find ye all out with your cookings and cares :—
But mind that you treat him as well as you’re able,
And let him have part of what goes from the table.’
A soft, smiling voice then arose on the ear,
As if some one from court was about to appear :—
‘ Oh, this is the room, my good friend ? Ah I see it is ;—
Room sure enough, for the best-bred of deities !’
Then came a whisper,—and then was a hush,—
And then, with a sort of a look of a blush,
Came in Mr. Hayley, all polish’d confusion,
And said, ‘ Will Apollo excuse this intrusion ?
I might have kept back,—but I thought ’twould look odd,—
And friendship, you know,—pray how is my dear god ?’

p. 6.

The reader shall not be deprived of Mr. Wordsworth’s poem on a straw.

‘ When one began spouting the cream of orations
In praise of bombarding one’s friends and relations ;
And t’other some lines he had made on a straw,
Shewing how he had found it, and what it was for,
And how, when ’twas balanc’d, it stood like a spell !—
And how, when ’twas balanc’d no longer, it fell !—
A wild thing of scorn he describ’d it to be,
But he said it was patient to heaven’s decree :—
Then he gaz’d upon nothing, and looking forlorn,
Dropt a *natural* tear for *that wild thing of scorn* !’—p. 12.

This is written, it is but fair to add,—of Mr. W.’s affectations : let us see what opinion the author has of his genius.

‘ It certainly appears to me, that we have had no poet since the days of Spenser and Milton,—so allied in the better part of his genius to those favoured men, not excepting even Collins, who saw farther into the sacred places of poetry than any man of the last age. Mr. Wordsworth speaks less of the vulgar tongue of the profession than any writer since that period ; he always thinks when he speaks, has always words at command, feels deeply, fancies richly, and never descends from that pure and elevated morality, which is the native region of the first order of poetical spirits.’—p. 88.

Art. IX. *Sortes Horatianæ*, A Poetical Review of Poetical Talent, &c. with Notes, cr. 8vo. pp. 126. price 6s. 6d. Hamilton, 1814.

S**A****T****I****R****I****S****T****S** generally lose their labour by pushing matters too far. Every reasonable person will be ready to own, that there are faults and errors in his own age; but he will not very soon be persuaded that there is nothing in it but faults and errors. We may agree with the author of the '*Sortes Horatianæ*' in his opinion of Spencer, and Wharton, and Lord George Grenville, but we certainly shall not cordially join with him in wishing that Southey and Coleridge had been shipped off in early youth to America, nor shall we venture to predict, as he does, that Mr. Scott's poems will be forgotten in the next age.

Though this author does not, in general, seem to possess a sufficient feeling of what is good, he has sufficient taste to condemn what is bad. His verses are smooth, though they have no great vigour; and his intention was good, though there is nothing in the execution to make it remembered. Our readers may compare the following passages on Wilson and Crabbe, with two that we have quoted above from '*the Feast of the Poets*.'

' Say, who is he that vainly hopes to move
By adding Crusoe to a tale of love;
With half-drawn metaphor and fond conceit,
And verse that halts upon uneven feet,
Who tells, how *tiny boats like Monarchs glide,*
While, with low tone, hush'd billows kiss their side;
And *blessed airs and gentle Moon* invite,
With smiles, *a joyous bark* to pass a night
Within their still and silvery domain,
But waste (poor creatures! all their smiles in vain?
'Tis Wilson! Master of the pretty song!
Though something, nothing, and tho' little, long.' pp. 26, 31.

' Just so much art does tedious Crabbe bestow,
To roughen what can scarce be said to flow;
To break a hemistich, to pun in rhyme,
And shun whatever might appear sublime.
From Peleus Son he brings the Muses back
To homely Roger, and familiar Jack!
And leaves "the flowery phrase of fairy land"
For all the flowery phrases of the Strand!" pp. 39, 40.

We add some pleasing lines on the death of Mrs. Tighe.

' Hark! thro' the air what mournful strains resound,
While Echo swells the failing tones around!
"Above the lyre, the lute's soft notes above,"
They tell the sorrows of misguided love.

And while, with dulcet Harmony combin'd,
They bring Youth, Beauty, Genius to the mind,
Still, still they moan, the sadden'd ear along,
In all the wildness of Funereal song.
They mourn,—that Youth is but a transient hour,
That Beauty fades like Summer's fairest flower,
That every grace of form, which men adore,
Or charm of mind, is vain—for Tighe's no more !' p. 79.

Art. X. *Mustapha. A Tragedy.* 8vo. pp. 107. Price 3s. Gale, Curtis, and Fenner. 1814.

A PERFECT tragedy, says Addison, is 'the noblest production of human nature.' Perhaps, in the ears of unpoetic readers, this language may sound too vehement: but it will be readily admitted, we suppose, that, as there is no class of composition, which, when skilfully conducted, is more despotic in its influence, so there is none in which even moderate success is of so difficult attainment. To create, and bring almost under the cognizance of our senses, a group of ideal beings, instinct with life, endowed with moral and intellectual qualities, moving through various fortunes to their several ends, and each possessing, so to speak, an individuality and identity of character;—to exhibit our common nature in situations of action or of suffering, where, by the strong pressure of events, it is exalted almost above itself, and to give an adequate transcript of human feelings, where they are most calculated to agitate us with a kindred sympathy;—to delight by the poetical image, and instruct by the moral precept;—to blend the remote with the present, and pursue an interesting story by the judicious intermixture of action and narrative, from its progress to its close:—these are some of the purposes which must be accomplished by him who would rise to eminence as a writer of tragedy. That few should have achieved this splendid greatness, is not surprising. To say nothing of the perverse efforts of obtrusive dulness, it is notorious that many writers of distinguished rank in other departments of literature, have been quite unable to guide themselves in safety through the dangerous region of the drama. Ambition they have not wanted, nor perseverance; but they have been deficient in that which nothing but nature could supply,—strength of imagination,—that power by which a poet is enabled to transform himself into the unreal shapes that he 'bodies forth,' and transfer our attention from himself to them. Their thoughts have been carefully elaborated, and their diction diligently finished; but, as for their *personæ*, they merely recite what is set down for them; they are statues gracefully formed, perhaps, but cold and motionless.

We have had so many previous occasions, however, of delivering our thoughts on the subject of dramatic composition ;— what constitutes its excellence, and whence arises its power of pleasing ;—that we shall come, without further preface, to the performance immediately under our review ;—a work accredited by no name,—and the production, probably, of an unpractised hand, but which, to use an expression of Milton's, has in it 'vital symptoms,' and gives promise of talents in the writer, whoever he may be, which, under assiduous cultivation, may advance him among the foremost of his competitors. As we have not yet regularly noticed the 'Remorse' of Mr. Coleridge, we shall perhaps be excused if we say a few words of it here, in the way of comparison and contrast ; and we think it no mean praise of our anonymous author, that he can advantageously endure the test of such a parallel. Like Mr. Coleridge, then, he is of the school of Shakspeare, whose plays do not describe, but express, the passions, and who is much more solicitous to create a lively interest for his characters by bringing us intimately acquainted with them, than to preserve their dignity unimpaired. He possesses, moreover, an ample share of that imaginative force, to which we have just adverted as translating the poet into the very being he wishes to represent, and enabling him to pass from one to the other, as if it were the same soul animating different bodies. Of a mind so gifted it is needless to say, that a greater or less degree of originality is the constant concomitant : it is sure to rely on its own powers, and draw from its own resources ; and cannot condescend to become a copyist at second hand, or to present pictures, which, (to borrow an allusion of Pope's,) like mock-rainbows, are but the reflections of a reflection. If we take a nearer survey, we shall find, that, in the tragedy of *Mustapha*, the interest is more progressive, and the alternations of feeling are more rapid, than in that of *Remorse* ; which, on the other hand, is characterized by a richer magnificence of imagery, a nicer refinement of character, and a deeper philosophy of sentiment,—a depth, however, which too often verges on obscurity. The plot of the former is simple, but full of business ; of the latter intricate and languid : but in both the interest is so divided, that we are almost at a loss to fix upon the hero. If Mr. Coleridge errs, it is on the side of fastidiousness ; his thoughts are condensed with a labour which he is not sufficiently expert in concealing ; in *Mustapha*, there is the opposite extreme of facility, which has led to the admission of a few weak lines, and the toleration of many harsh colloquial elisions.

The story on which this tragedy is founded, is beautifully told by Robertson in the eleventh book of his history of Charles V., and is so well fitted for the purposes of the drama, that we are

surprised it has not been earlier appropriated. In Robertson, it is an episode not very strictly connected with the principal narrative: he seems, however, to have bestowed upon it unusual care; and has certainly told it in his best manner. Mustapha, the son of Solyman by a favourite Circassian slave, is the destined heir of the crown, and is entrusted by his father with the command of an extensive province and a powerful army. His mother, however, is soon supplanted in the affections of the Sultan by Roxalana, a Russian captive, who having, by some crafty manœuvres, induced him to enfranchise and espouse her, begins to view Mustapha with fear and hatred, as the enemy of her two sons, whom the Turkish policy would sacrifice to the safety of the new emperor. She accordingly leaves no art untried to secure his destruction, gains over the Visier Rustan to her interest, and succeeds in exciting the jealous fears of Solyman, by malignantly dwelling upon the popularity and splendid virtues of Mustapha, and representing him as plotting against the life and throne of the Sultan. Exasperated by these arts, and crediting a false rumour that he was in league with the Sophi, Solyman determines on his death, repairs in person to Diarbequir, and commands his attendance. Mustapha is not ignorant of the machinations of Roxalana and Rustan, or of the jealous temper of his father; but obeys, confiding in his innocence. He enters the Sultan's tent—the mutes advance and seize him—he resists them with desperate strength, when his father, fearful of his escape, draws aside the curtain which divides the tent, and, with fierce and angry gestures, chides the executioners for their delay. At sight of this, Mustapha's courage forsakes him, and the bowstring instantly puts an end to his life. To appease the murmurs of the soldiery, Rustan is for a short time deprived of his office, but is soon reinstated; and Roxalana's schemes are crowned with complete success.

Our author, we think, is entitled to high praise, not only for the skilful manner in which he has availed himself of the leading incidents of this story, but for the additions which he has made to it from the stores of his invention, and for his variation of the catastrophe, which he has rendered subservient to the moral tendency of the whole. The principal agent in effecting the ruin of Mustapha, is Achmet, the eldest of Roxalana's two sons, who, in the opening of the play, evinces a high and virtuous sense of honour, and a generous affection for his brother; but, being tempted by the solicitations of Daraxa, the beautiful daughter of Rustan, and the deep laid villany of her father, is prevailed upon to carry a forged tale to the Sultan, denouncing Mustapha as a traitor. The gradual yielding of his irresolute and impetuous spirit to suggestions from which he at first starts with terror, and the agonizing remorse which

seizes him when the crime is committed, are conceived in the finest spirit of tragic composition, and confer on the story a continuity of interest which it could not otherwise possess. Escaping from the guards which had been placed over him, he follows the Sultan to Diarbequir, and rushes into the royal presence; but he is too late to save his brother. Rustan meets and stabs him; he lives, however, to reveal the conspiracy, and Rustan is delivered to the fury of the soldiery. The scene closes on Solyman, a prey to anguish, and determining on the banishment of Roxalana. The only part of the plot to which we see any material objection, is the manner in which the death of Daraxa is brought about. She is spurned by Achmet in a moment of agony, and dies——‘Of some internal hurt got in a fall.’ This is surely, to say the least, somewhat below the tragic dignity.

In this brief outline of the plot and action, we have purposely omitted several of the subordinate details, in order to allow greater scope for the display of character. The scenes, in which Mustapha appears, are not many, but they are written with great energy, and there are portions of them which might not unworthily be placed by the side of Shakspeare’s war scenes in Henry Vth.

The following quotation must be allowed to possess extraordinary merit, both of sentiment and description.

‘ *Enter. MUSTAPHA with CALED.*

Mus. Get thee to bed, old veteran, thou art weary,
And we shall want thee fresh as youth to-morrow.

Cal. I would betake me to my tent, and sleep;
But you are sad, my lord: what is the matter?
Is there more news from the court? or is the vizier---

Mus. I know that Rustan loves not thee or me:
But what of that? my ways are clear and open.
If I had thrown a mist around my paths,
And walk’d i’ the darkness of my deeds, why then
Were reason good that I should fear the murderer
Couch’d in the night myself had made: but who
Dares stab i’ the sunshine?

Cal. It is true, my lord:
And yet I ’am sure you ’are sad.

Mus. Ah, Caled, Caled,
I think on all my gallant soldiery,
And then indeed I ’am sad. Flush youth to-morrow
Shall harness them for battle, full of hope
And glory, vigorous as the mounting sun,
Gay as young bridegrooms, wanton as the wind,
Impatient as the pawing steed, all blood
And life and youthful spirit: and at night
Thou mayest lay thy hand upon the heart
That beat and throb’d i’ the morning, as ’twould burst

Its fleshly tenement, and there shall be
No pulse, no motion.

Cal. But the cause, my lord,
Lends its own native goodness to our weapons,
Our bloody weapons; and makes holy, feelings
Which else were damnable.

Mus. You are a soldier.
And I have long'd too for the battle morn
With more than woman's longings, and my blood
Hath beat a lustier measure when it came.
But when it was all over, and the night
Allay'd that fever of the mind, and brought
A spiritless vacuity, I 'ave ponder'd
On all the miseries the day brought with it,
And loath'd the very victory I 'ad won.

Cal. And yet those miseries——

Mus. You are a soldier;
And all you say doth well become a soldier.
But these brave fellows are my father's people,
And will be mine.

Cal. This must not be, my lord,
This must not be: should all the camp see this,
It were disservice twenty times twice told
The sophi's arms.

Mus. A heavy weight hangs on me,
I cannot shake it off; but thou shalt see me
Myself again to-morrow. To thy bed;
'Tis more than time. Good night.

Cal. Good night, my lord [Exit.

Mus. (*looking at the moon*) Pale, peaceful planet! what a
quiet scene

Thou look'st upon to-night, winding thy course
Through that soft sleeping sky of heavenly blue,
And not one sound beneath, save the deep watch-word,
Or clanging footstep of the sentinel,
That, heard at intervals and dying off,
But makes the stillness felt. To-morrow night,
All clamour and disorder; flying troops,
And foemen in pursuit, the neigh of steeds
Loose, and the long shrill whistle of the victor
Calling his wandering comrade; and on the field
A deathly stillness, horribly disturb'd
By wailing widows seeking for their dead;
And noise of merriment, and grating mirth,
And drunken triumph, in the distant tents.
O God! O God! and what a little thing
Is life! the shadow of the cloud that passes
Over the sunny hills at noon, and none
Can tell where it has been. We are like snow
That falls upon the water, white one moment,
Then mix'd wi' the stream for ever. pp. 23—26. [Exit:

The next passage we shall quote, is that in which Solyman is excited to distrust the fidelity of Mustapha. The rapid transitions of feeling are managed admirably.

‘ I say he should press forward and o’erwhelm
His foemen, not stand parleying, making treaties,
Tampering, for aught appears, with my worst foe.

Rus. Think you?—’twere dangerous.

Sol. Dangerous! it were fatal,
With such a force, the flower of all my army,
And flush with victory. Cursed be the hour
I ever sent him there! put sword in ’s hand
To pierce me through with. It is come to this:
One world’s not wide enough for’s; one must yield,
Myself or he. I’ll keep what power I have,
Be the means what they may.

Rus. Be my lord’s will
Obey’d in all, by all his faithful servants.

Sol. (*musings*) She was the first I ever lov’d; I could say,
The only one; and the remembrance of her
Is dearer to me than the fairest presence
My eyes have ever look’d on.

Rus. (*aside*) This remembrance
Will ruin all again.

Sol. Sweet soul; she died
Before the babe had learnt to know her smile.
And dying, thus,—methinks I see her still,
Her hand upon my hand, her earnest eye,
In which the very spirit seem’d to sit,
As thence to take it’s flight, all other parts
Being left but that, brimful of tears,—

Rus. It moves
Your majesty too highly; sure the son
Of her you lov’d with such a whole affection
Could never,—

Sol. There’s the rub: thou knowest, Rustan,
That all her countless stores of my affection
She left him as a heritage, and sure
Ne’er mother lov’d the babe she suckled more
Than I Mustapha; ’twas in him I liv’d,
And power, wealth, honour, conquest, all were nothing,
But as they should one day descend to him.

Rus. I grant the crime most black, each circumstance
That might elsewhere have pleaded pardon, here
Most loud and powerful in his accusation,
If that with—

Sol. If! what ifs? Canst doubt thine eyes?
Thine ears? thy senses? hath he not seduc’d
With a most lying show the fickle people?
Is not the soldiery all his own? all ready,

If he but wag his tongue, or lift his finger,
To push me from the throne? Nay, is he not
Now tampering with the sophi? Gracious Allah!
And dost thou talk of if?' pp. 71—3.

Of a different kind of excellence is the scene in which
Daraxa first attempts to awaken Achmet's ambition. We can
afford room, however, but for a small part of it.

Ach. Speak'st thou in truth thy very thoughts?

Dar. Why not?

If love be life, why then the cottagers,
That sit o' summer evenings at their doors,
To watch their chubby offspring, in the field
All eagerly at play, in fear to lose
The last sweet day-beams of the yellow sun,
Have all of life that Solyman himself has.

Ach. And ask of Solyman, he'll tell thee—more.

Dar. And will Mustapha too? Oh, that brave fellow!
He leads his myriads out, (they know it too,)
To certain victory, and they follow him
As if he were the eldest-born of Triumph.
Were I in form and outward circumstance
That which in spirit thou say'st I am,—a man,
Such would I be; and, being what I am,
(Should Heaven vouchsafe to bless me with a son,)
Under my guidance such my son shall be.
He shall be nurs'd i' the camp; soldiers shall be
His playmates, and brisk military airs
His lullabies; and when his little arm
Grows strong enough to lift the scymitar,
Myself will fit it to his thigh, and pat
His curled head, and bless my darling boy,
And send him forth to glory.' p. 4.

She proceeds darkly to insinuate her wishes for the destruction of his brother.

Ach. Look at me; have I guess'd your meaning?

Dar. Guess it, but give 't no words; you'll like it less:
Shape it not in your mind, it might affright you:
'Tis but a bowstring; call it sleep, and then——

Ach. Would Heaven that thou hadst died but yesterday,
Or ever thy bad tongue, thou cruel woman,
Had given the lie to all that nature wrote,
Kind, feminine, and amiable, so clearly
In that fair face, that whose read it not
Was blind to heav'nly beauty, never look'd
On comeliness, but with a lecher's eye,
To lust, not love.

Dar. I thought——

Ach. Would thou hadst died!

Or, living, lost whatever makes thee lovely :
 All bodily beauty, all the nameless witcheries
 Of tongue, and eye, and feature : yea, hadst chang'd
 Thy cunning'st faculties for an idiot's laugh,
 And I would still have lov'd, and the dear memory
 Of what thou hadst been, should, in my mind's eye,
 Even a leper's foulness have invested
 With more than angel brightness. Now, oh, now ; (*Exit*
Daraxa)—

—Aye, go ; 'tis best ; and pray ; if penitence
 Haply may wash the blood-red spot away :
 But thou art foul in grain. That I should blush for thee !'
 pp. 6—7.

The craftier approaches of Rustan under the specious pretext of a concern for the public happiness, are pourtrayed with a masterly pencil, but the scene will not bear mutilation, and is too long to be inserted. Roxalana is anxious to keep Achmet in ignorance of their intentions, while Rustan is not slow to perceive that his own safety will be best secured by making him a participator of the secret. The dramatic spirit of the following dialogue must be felt by all.

Rox. Well, but Achmet :
 He hath heard nothing of the perilous scheme
 Which strong necessity hath forc'd us to.

Rus. 'Tis fitting that he should.

Rox. Why is it so ?
 Why fitting ?

Rus. Is it not, that he, whom most
 It doth affect, should know it ?

Rox. No, is 't not ;
 If that the knowledge would to him bring bale,
 No good to us.

Rus. To gain the Ottoman empire !
 Surely no bale.

Rox. But how, good Rustan ? how ?

Rus. The mind will reconcile itself to means
 Which aim at so large good, and be at peace :
 What bale then ?

Rox. Oh, I see, thou hast forgotten,
 In the disorder'd and unquiet dreams
 That fever of the mind, ambition, brings,
 Thou hast forgotten all the real joys
 Of quiet innocence. But I could envy,
 I could have sworn that thou wouldst envy too,
 Him who lays down his head at night, and slumbers,
 Without one guilty project to disturb
 The natural sleep.

Rus. (*aside*) Good hypocrite !

Rox. And memory,
 Wouldst thou not spare him all the pains of memory ?

There are sad hours when no eye wakes, and when
The busy noise of day is over, when
The straining ear can catch no sound to' alleviate
The burthen of the silence and the gloom :
And then, in that dim vacancy of mind,
Come thronging thoughts o' the unapproved past,
Like fiends, or those unhallow'd shapes that mock
The madman's phantasy. And wouldst not spare him ?"

pp. 35—6.

Rustan, however, is not to be persuaded, and Roxalana finds too late that she has made herself his slave.

' I fear this Rustan much.
Oh, how ambition takes it's colour from
The mind it lives in ! In a noble spirit,
'Tis noble, and it's high aspirings are
Breath'd after what is generous and great.
But in poor minds it is a creeping thing,
And by low means works to bad ends : and such
Is this man's, who by dark and winding politics
Hath wriggled on his crooked way, and left there
The slime of his ill-doings.' p. 61.

The distraction of Achmet on finding Daraxa unworthy of his love, is expressed in the true spirit of the character.

' *Rus.* Might I but ask——

Ach. All gone, good Rustan, gone : the wide world now
Hath nought to me worth living for ; all's dreary.
I seem alone, even in the crowded palace,
Amidst the' obsequious throng, I seem alone ;
And when the music sounds, and the skill'd songster
Would take the soul, and bear it to heaven's gates,
My thoughts are all at home, all wrapt up here
In sullen broodings. The bright sun himself
Shines all in vain for me : his blessed beams
Bring healing and light-hearted gaiety
To the whole world beside, and all to me
Is cold and dark and comfortless.

Rus. And why,
Let not my lord be angry, why is 't so ?
There's one——

Ach. Oh, yes, I know it, there is one.
—She was my better angel, and she ever
Sate smiling at my helm, and our light skiff
Went tilting o'er the waters, and the winds
Did gently kiss the sail, and the young sun-beams
Fell slanting o'er the morning sea, and life
Seem'd like the voyage of a summer's day.

'Tis over now.

Rus. No, say not it is over.

Ach. 'Tis over ; and I am a shipwreck'd wretch.' pp. 54—5.

Mustapha. A Tragedy.

‘ Nurtur’d in the cares of court,
 Thou know’st not what it is to be a lover ;
 How he doth live upon the very looks
 Of her he dotes on ; how a smile can soften him
 To a strange nameless kind of soothing pleasure ;
 How, in her presence, all the world beside
 Is dirt and dross, yea, very nothing to him ;
 And, when she leaves him, what capricious feelings
 Take hold upon him, dreams, disjointed dreams
 Of love and harmony uninterrupted,
 And hours domestic : then, perhaps, misgivings,
 Vague jealousies and bodings, and anon
 Impatience of her absence. Oh, but when
 He’ath lost her, ’tis tumultuous passion all,
 Grief then, and bitter anger, and remorse,
 Pride, love, and hatred, each succeeding each,
 And all confus’d together, till at length
 The busy workings settle and subside
 In grief, monotonous unmingled grief.’ p. 56.

In the same scene, however, Rustan brings him to a partial acquiescence, although when left alone his better feelings return.

‘ I am clear yet.
 If that most horrid thought hath been before me,
 It was suggested by some spirit of evil,
 I’ve not consented to it. Keep me clear !
 —I would not do that thing whose bare conception
 Thus makes my bones to shake, and my voice falter,
 —Worlds should not tempt me to it. ’Tis a crown,
 A little life of miserable splendour,
 A little gaze and wonder—I am clear ;
 I will not do ’t, I will not think upon it.
 —No, no, he hath not — Not for worlds, though each
 Would own me for it’s master. Rustan!—No,
 I will not do it. Rustan!’ p. 57.

He is at length wrought up to the fatal point, accuses his brother of treason, and incenses the Sultan to sign his death. Then come remorse and bitter lamentations. The thrilling pathos of the following passage is above all praise.

‘ I’ve done it, and I live, and the earth bears me !
 —It’s gone, it’s gone for ever,—all peace of mind,
 All self-esteem is gone, and I ’am a wretch
 For ever.

What a change a few short days
 Have made in me ! Oh, could I call them back,
 Oh, could I but recall them ! could I be
 Again what I was then ; I’d be a slave,

I'd dig i' the mines without the light of day,
I'd be a wretch bent double with infirmities,
Bed-ridden, full of agues, all blotch'd over
With running sores and cancers,—oh, with joy,
(What heart-felt joy!) I'd be all this and more,
To wash my hands again in innocence.' p. 83.

'*Ach.* Then I'am a wretch indeed, without a hope.
—Begone, why are you here still? Get you hence.

[*Exit Aga.*

Without a hope: the plank I had laid hold of,
In this most dismal shipwreck, is ta'en from me,
And I must sink at last.

Is 't come to this?

This sad conclusion? all my fairer hopes,
The world of happiness that open'd on me,
The smiling hours that beckon'd me to love,
Friendship and love; where are they? I have lost them,
Thrown them away. Oh, the full cup of bliss
I 'ave dash'd down from my lips! Was never one
Entering on life with such a gust as I.
And it is come to this; this dreadful state
Of misery and guilt. Oh, that the earth
Would open!—Open, open, earth, and hide me,
And hide me from all eyes, and from myself.
Oh, that I could return to nothing, lose
All thought and all remembrance, be the clod
I 'ave trod on with my feet! O Heaven! O Heaven!
That I might save him!' p. 88—9.

In the following passage we are partially reminded of the reflections of Claudio, in *Measure for Measure*, but the essential sameness is finely modified by the variety of character.

'*Mus.* I have a love of life, a foolish love;
It is so sweet, even to the meanest thing
That crawls upon the earth, to see the light,
The blessed light of heaven, to breathe the air,
The healthy cool fresh air. Whoso hath these things
Assur'd to him, whom danger or disease
Hath never warn'd, they may be wrested from him,—
He overlooks them, Caled, knowing not
How blest he is i' the full benignity
Of bounteous Heaven. It is at parting, friends
Are found most dear, and what is torn from us,
'Tis that we cling to. Oh but life, dear Caled,
Had it no comforts, is itself a comfort,
To be——is to be happy.

'*Cal.* Good, my lord,
I trust the vizier hath no power to work
His wicked will upon your life.

'*Mus.* He hath,
I know. He hath my father's signet with him,

Mustapha. A Tragedy.

Which none dares disobey. But think not, therefore,
 I have not strength to die. It is indeed
 A chilling thought ;—to die ;—to be no more
 In this accusom'd scene of things, this warm,
 This lov'd abode ;—to be we wist not what,
 We wist not where, but the poor body mouldering
 In the cold earthy damps, the worm spread under,
 And the worm covering —oh, it is indeed
 A thought that nature shrinks from, that makes sick
 The heart, and drinks the vital spirits up.

Cal. Pray you, my lord,——

Mus. Nay, think not, honest soldier,
 Because I feel life pleasant, that I cannot
 Part with it ; I would throw it from me rather
 Than stoop to this bad man, and beg for mercy.
 If death must come, I'll bid it welcome bravely ;
 I'll not disgrace thee, Caled, nor the lessons
 I learnt from thee in youth.' —pp. 91, 92.

We shall indulge ourselves in one extract more. It is part of
 the concluding scene of the tragedy.

' *The Tent of Rustan, with an inner Apartment divided off
 by a Curtain.*

Enter Solyman and Rustan. Mutes.

Rus. I know you cannot bear it, sir ; I pray you,
 Retire while he is here. If it must be,
 Say to yourself, 'tis done ; think of't, as if
 It cannot be recalled,—your son is dead.

Sol. Oh, his dear mother ! nay, 'tis necessary,
 I know, 'tis necessary. Well, I'll leave ye.
 I'll be within here. [*Exit into the inner apartment.*]

Rus. Be you ready all ;
 And when I raise my hand—you know your duty.

Enter Mustapha and Caled.

Mus. (*On entering, stops.*) He is not here ; where is my
 father, Rustan ?

Rus. Thou hast no father, prince.

Mus. What is the matter ?
 He is not dead ?

Rus. Yes, dead to thee he is.

Mus. He will not see me then ?

Rus. I must not parley.
 You know of what you are accus'd, my lord,
 You know your punishment.

Mus. God is my witness,
 Whate'er the accusation is, whoe'er
 Th' accusers are,—and, as my soul shall answer,
 I know not either,—I am innocent ;
 And if you take my life——

[*RUSTAN raises his arm, and the Mutes come
 forward, and seize MUSTAPHA's arms.*]

I will not struggle :
Nay, even in death I will obey my father.

Oh, Caled.

Cal. Oh, my prince, 'twill soon be over.
There is no mercy here ; farewell, most lov'd.
Most worthy to be lov'd, farewell, farewell !
—Nay, but a moment, for an old man's sake.
Thou goest a painful journey, but this night
The prophet welcomes thee to paradise,
And thy own mother, looking for her son,
Hath built her bower of bliss.

Rus. Peace, dotard, peace.

Cal. Peace ! peace for thee ! bad man ; I will not
peace.

Peace ! now by Heaven, and if I rais'd my voice,
Thy head were not thine own.

Rus. Thou art in my power ;

Do not provoke me.

Cal. Loose the prince, I say.
See how they tremble ; not a man of them
Dares spill a drop of that most sacred blood.

Rus. They shall.

Cal. He is your future sultan, fellows ;
And who dares so to lift a hand against
Th' anointed head of righteous majesty,
The curse of Heaven shall dwell with him and his.

Mus. Nay, Caled.

Rus. Thou art a traitor ; thou shalt answer it
Before the sultan. Bear him off, I say.

Sol. (*behind.*) Dispatch

Mus. Whose voice was that ?

[SOLYMAN *looks fiercely through the curtain.*

My father, heavens !

[*Struggling with the guard.*

Nay, but I will ; loose me ; I will.

*Scene opens, and discovers SOLYMAN. MUSTAPHA throws
himself at his feet.*

Oh, sir,

Father ! I yet may call you by that name ;
They cannot take that from me.

Sol. Why d'ye let him
Hang thus about me ?

Mus. But a moment, sir.
Perhaps, when you have lost me, kindlier thoughts,
Let me say juster too, may rise within you ;
And then 'twould be a joy past utterance,
Past thought, to have me for a moment thus
Cling to your knees and kiss your hand.

Oh, sir,

Condemn me not unheard ; ask all with whom

Mustapha: A Tragedy.

I have held intercourse, ask him who knew me,
And every thought within me, ask poor Achmet.

Sol. Why, this is frontless impudence ;—ask him
On whose sure evidence thou art to die !

Mus. What, Achmet's ?

Cal.

What, Lord Achmet's ?

Sol.

Take him from me.

I will hear no more from him, take him from me.

Mus. It is the last, last time ; I must speak to him.

My father——

Sol. Rustan.

Mus. By my dear lost mother,

But hear me.

Sol. Rustan.

Mus. Should you ever find me

Guiltless, as sure you will,——

Sol. Will none of ye

Take him away ?

Mus. O, what a hopeless wish

You'll sigh forth that you'd heard me, ere you
kill'd me. [*Guards bearing him off.*]

Why, Caled, fare thee well ; I had a father.

Think of me when I'm gone, I know thou wilt,

With feelings I have ever felt for thee.

What, dost thou weep, old soldier ?

[*He is led off on one side ; RUSTAN and
CALED following.*]

Sol.

Oh, my heart !

My bursting heart !—break, break ; what is't to me,
Now he is gone ?

Mus. (*behind*) Dear Caled——but one word——

Rus. (*behind*) No more, no more.

Enter ACHMET, rushing in, on the other side.

Ach. Where is he ? where's Mustapha ?

Rus. (*behind.*) Dispatch, make haste, have done.

Ach. O, save him, sir,

He's innocent.'

pp. 94—98.

Our readers are now fully able to appreciate the merits of this performance for themselves. Had the writer consulted the taste of the day, he would probably have cast his materials into octo-syllabic lines, and announced a Turkish tale. But what he may lose in present popularity, he will gain, no doubt, in permanent fame. Above all, in a mode of composition which has so often been perverted to pernicious uses, we are gratified to observe the affluence of poetical genius, ennobled by scrupulous delicacy of sentiment, and sound morality of principle.

Art. VII.—*A Dissertation on the Magi*, who came to adore the newborn Jesus, and the Star which directed their Way. Published in compliance with the will of the Rev. John Hulse, as having gained the Annual Prize instituted by him in the University of Cambridge. By James Clarke Franks, of Trinity College. 8vo. pp. 106. Price 3s. 1814. Longman and Co.

THE visit of the oriental philosophers to do homage to the infant Saviour, as recorded by St. Matthew, is a very interesting fact, but is connected with several questions and difficulties which have often exercised the thoughts and pens of learned men. The Prize Essay before us is elaborate and rather tedious. The author explains and connects the concise narrative of the Evangelist; and the different opinions, which have been advanced by men of great and of little name, on the questions which arise, he rehearses in a manner approaching to the heavy prolixity of a German *Dissertatio Philologico-Theologico-Historica*.

In detailing these diversities, the essayist generally indicates the opinion which he approves; but his reasons of preference are too often obscurely given, or feebly urged. Some of the difficulties he satisfactorily removes; but others, we are apprehensive, he does not treat so as either to establish a candid believer, or to satisfy the demands of a sceptic. If the Hulsean Prize last year excited much competition, we are compelled to have rather an unfavourable opinion of the talents of the competitors, or of the equity of the adjudication.

On opening a discussion of this subject, we naturally expect that the CAPITAL question should be first determined,—*the authenticity of the narrative*. The high tone assumed by the Unitarians in their rejection of the whole, renders this question more pressing, and more necessary to be placed in a satisfactory light, than any of the subordinate points. But Mr. Franks bestows only a short note upon it; *asserting* that the ‘systematic attack on this portion of scripture *must be considered* as fallacious and inconclusive;’ (p. 13.) and referring, without citation, to Bishop Chandler, Marsh, Lawrence, and Nares, and the Quarterly Review. We are fully satisfied, that this is the conclusion which ought to be drawn, because there is a body of positive evidence resting on the foundations of fair and impartial criticism, for its support: but we can hardly conceive a more ready method to injure the credibility of such a position, than this of telling the world, upon the word of an undergraduate, that it ‘*must be considered*’ as true. The insidious blasphemy of Voltaire desired only this style of arguing for his Abbé Bazin: “Nous l’avons déjà dit, et nous

redisons encore, que nous croyons ces prodiges et tous les autres, sans aucun examen."—Let us not be mistaken. We are far—very far—from attributing to Mr. F. a voluntary countenancing of this dangerous substitute for reasoning; but we wish to caution him, as a young man, and we hope hereafter a valuable advocate of the faith, to avoid the very appearance of this evil.

The author takes great pains to determine the sense of the word *Μάγος*, and yet he dismisses all attempts to assign its etymological origin, as a 'point of uncertain speculation.' p. 3. According to our conceptions, light and brevity would have been gained to the inquiry, if he had stated that the Persian *Mogh*, denoted a *priest* or *minister of religion*; and that in Jeremiah ix. 3, 13, *Rab-Mag*, is not so probably a proper name, as a name of office, for the *Antistes vatum*, or *President of the MAGI*. This information, with many corroborating proofs, is found in Hyde's valuable *Historia Religionis Veterum Persarum*, &c. Oxon. 1700, p. 364, 372—374; a work of which Mr. F. has made much use, and to which he has suitably acknowledged his obligations.

We will not take upon us to say that our author was willing to pass this by, because he has chosen the hypothesis that the Magi who performed this transaction in the sacred history, were not Persians, but Arabs. His reasons for this preference are,—that, in the language of scripture, "by the general expression *the East*, the particular country of Arabia was frequently specified;"—that the presents which they brought, were the peculiar produce of Arabia;—that, 'since Magi were in Arabia, a country adjoining to Judæa, God would scarcely have called those of the sect who lived in a more remote country, to come to Jerusalem;'—that, 'from this vicinity to Judæa, we can also suppose them better acquainted with its affairs, and more interested in them, than people more distant would be;'—and that, as their visit was, by very probable arguments, within six weeks after our Lord's birth, it is 'necessary to fix upon a country nearly adjoining to Judæa,' and not one so remote as Persia.

These reasons appear to us too slender to support the conclusion, especially when there is no contemptible evidence on the other side.

To the first argument, it may be replied, that, admitting that the Hebrews often applied the terms *Kedem*, *Kadim*, *Mizrah*, *the East*, to the tract which lay between them and the Euphrates, it by no means follows that the term was restricted to that sense.—Without dwelling on other passages, it is sufficient to mention Isaiah xli. 2, and xlv. 11, in both which places *Persia* is designated by 'the East.' Besides, the next argument,

being built on the character of the presents brought on this occasion, proceeds on the supposition that, not the great desert of Arabia, which lay on the eastern boundary of Judæa, but Arabia the Happy, was the country in question: now the latter lay to the *South* of Judæa.

On this second argument we further remark, that Arabia produces no gold, and that it is extremely doubtful whether it ever did; that myrrh and frankincense are not indigenous to that country alone, but that spices of a superior quality were anciently brought by the Arabian and other merchants from India and Ceylon; and that the assumption of its being a matter of any strong probability that the presents should be the native produce of the country whence the persons came, is unsupported by any sufficient reason.

The third argument is altogether gratuitous. With equal reason it might be pleaded, that it was worthy of the Divine Wisdom to bring the sons of the stranger from the ends of the earth, or very remote regions, according to the prophetic declaration, that they might bow down before the king Messiah immediately upon his advent. That there 'were Magi in Arabia,' is not impossible; but it appears to us not very philosophical to draw such an inference from Strabo's having said that there was 'a numerous settlement of the Magi in Cappadocia,' and Pliny the elder's assertion that, in his time, the sect 'flourished among a large proportion of the nations, and exercised a dominion in the East over the kings of kings,' the well known style of the Persian and Parthian monarchs. To strengthen his position, Mr. F. again quotes Pliny as saying 'that Pythagoras and Democritus wrote treatises on plants, *peragratis prius Persidis, Arabiæ, Æthiopiæ, Ægyptique Magis.*' But can Mr. F. suppose that such a phrase as 'peragratis Magis' ever proceeded from the pen of Pliny, or any other Roman? We say *peragraræ agros, campos, montes, litora, maria*, &c. but the verb cannot be applied to a personal appellation. The passage is manifestly corrupt; and we cannot but assent to the emendation proposed by Calixtus, AGRIS, or PLAGIS.

To the fourth argument we oppose, that geographical proximity is not always the measure of national intercourse and mutual interest; and that the Persians, who had been the liberators of the Jews from Babylon, and for a time their protectors after the return, had many more opportunities and inducements to become acquainted with the character, sentiments, and expectations of the Jewish nation, than the wandering tribes of the desert ever did or could possess.

On the last of our author's reasons, it is enough to observe that one month is a sufficient time to perform the journey from Susan to Jerusalem.

Undoubtedly this is a case in which certainty is not to be expected: we must be content with probability. The preponderance of probability, in our opinion, is in favour of the more common sentiment, that the Magi who paid the memorable visit to Bethlehem were from PERSIA. That was the original seat of the sect; in that country were their colleges and establishments; and though their influence, and partially their residence might, during the prosperity of the Persian empire, be extended beyond the boundaries of Shiraz, there, only, could they be said to flourish. This was the sentiment of Basil, Chrysostom, Theophylact, and others, among the fathers. It is the tradition of the Maronite Christians of Syria, one of whom, Bar Bahlul, is quoted at length by Hyde. Among the moderns who have adopted this opinion, Dr. Hyde, the great orientalist, may be justly regarded as himself a host.

This supposition is not only supported, according to our views, by every reasonable ground of probability, but it furnishes the easiest solution of the question,—How these priests, or philosophers, became possessed of any knowledge of the expected Messiah, of his regal character, and of the country where he was to make his entrance among men. The long and intimate connexion of the Jewish nation with the Persian, of which the books of Ezra, Nehemiah, and Esther, are complete evidences, must have afforded abundant opportunities for a knowledge of the prophecies to be diffused among the learned and inquisitive part of the Persian people. Daniel had sustained a high office in the Persian court at Babylon, and was evidently throughout his life closely connected with the “wise men” of that city, over whom Nebuchadnezzar had appointed him President: Dan. ii. 48. With his prediction of the Messiah, of his character as the Prince, and of the precise time of his coming, they could not but be acquainted. Mr. F. has been obliged to acquiesce in this solution; though by his Arabian hypothesis, he has weakened the advantage of it.

The early Magi maintained a religious system containing much pure truth, and which they professed to have derived from Abraham. It does not seem incredible that the Almighty might even have condescended to afford them, mediately, or immediately, some positive information that the long expected time was at length come, and that the *Star* which attracted their attention, was appointed to guide them to the Desire of nations.

Mr. Franks very properly supports the idea that this *Star* was not a Comet, or any other heavenly body; but a Meteoric luminary, miraculously produced, as was the pillar of cloud and fire which guided the Israelites, of some very brilliant and remarkable appearance, and which, by floating in the atmosphere, would serve as a conductor to the particular spot, and then would be dissipated or extinguished.

Mr. F. supposes, with good reason, the time of this visit, as having been a little before the presentation in the temple, that is about five weeks after the birth of Christ. He thus obviates the two principal objections that have been made to this early date.

‘ There are, however, certain considerations, which have induced some harmonists to place the visit of the Magi after the purification. They urge, that Mary, having received their rich presents, would not have offered the offering of the poor. But it does not appear likely that these presents, which were merely intended as a testification of the goodwill of the Magi, were large : it is even improbable that they were so large, as to raise Joseph and Mary from their former humble station to that state of affluence, which required from its possessors the offering of the rich. They were, however, a seasonable relief, providentially arriving before their journey into Egypt.—It is farther contended, that if the Magi arrived previously to the purification, the jealousy of Herod, which was roused by the object of their journey, would have rendered very dangerous the presentation of Christ in the temple ; especially since his character was there also declared by the inspired lips of Simeon and Anna. Was then the over-ruling protection of an omnipotent God not sufficient to counteract every design “ against the Lord, and against his Anointed ? ” Joseph and Mary would go to Bethlehem in obedience to the ordinance of God, perhaps not aware of the danger that impended ; and might have left that city before the declarations of Simeon and Anna were made known to the tyrant. Herod, however, perhaps beginning to be somewhat surprised that the Magi did not return to him, would soon be made acquainted with the occurrences in the temple. His previous suspicions of the departure of the Magi were now confirmed ; and that furious jealousy which before raged in his breast, having now become too violent to be restrained, broke out at Bethlehem in that sanguinary act of vengeance which St. Matthew has recorded.’ pp. 80—81.

We regret that Mr. F. has not entered into the question relative to the cause of the silence of Josephus upon the massacre of the infants in Bethlehem. The studious reserve of that author upon every thing connected with the origin and progress of christianity ; (for we are abundantly satisfied of the spuriousness of the celebrated passage on the ministry and death of Jesus Christ,) and his blasphemous adulation of the imperial family, only prove his indifference or unbelief, and his reluctance to come to the light of evidence, where his passions or his interest were adverse to it. Highly valuable as the writings of Josephus are, in many respects, his silence, under all the circumstances, is a stronger corroboration of the facts of the gospel history, than his testimony would have been.

The concluding section of this essay treats ‘ of the Evidence and Instruction deducible from the whole occurrence.’ To the Magi themselves, and to the Gentiles in general, it was an anti-

cipation of the light of the gospel about to rise upon them, and must have predisposed their minds for its reception: to the Jews it was a proof that their peculiar economy was drawing to its close, and that the Messiah was actually come: to us, it tends to the further establishment of the divine origin of christianity, and the heavenly dignity and pre-existence of its Blessed Founder. The essayist does not seem to us to have been remarkably happy or forcible in his conduct of these reasonings, or in the practical applications which he deduces. We present our readers with the coronary paragraph.

‘ Such then being the estimate of the character of Jesus at which we arrive by means of this occurrence, how forcibly ought the recollection of it to influence our conduct! The Saviour is made known to us, not by a Star appearing in the air, but by an express revelation written by the finger of God himself. Shall we then fall short of the alacrity which the Magi displayed in their veneration of Christ? Shall we hesitate to offer to his service our every treasure, every talent, every faculty of body and soul? But this feeble pen is utterly unable to do justice to the subject; gladly therefore does it conclude its labours by transcribing from the works of a late honoured prelate the following eloquent appeal; recommended to us as well by the unaffected elegance of its language, as by the pure and lively devotion of the author. “ If, ’ says the venerable Porteus, “ the great and wise men, whose history we have been considering, were induced by the appearance of a new Star to search out, with no small labour and fatigue, the infant Saviour of the world; if they disdained not to prostrate themselves before him, and present to him the richest and choicest gifts they had to offer; well may we, when this Child of the Most High, is not only grown to maturity, but has lived and died and risen again for us, and is now set down at the right hand of God; well may we not only pay our homage, but our adorations to the Son of God, and offer to him presents far more precious than gold, frankincense, and myrrh, viz, ourselves, our souls, and bodies, as a reasonable, holy, and lively sacrifice to him: well may we join with that innumerable multitude in heaven which is continually praising him, and saying, “ Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto him that sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb for ever and ever.” ’ pp. 97, 98.

ART. XI. SELECT LITERARY INFORMATION.

••• *Gentlemen and Publishers who have works in the press, will oblige the Conductors of the ECLECTIC REVIEW, by sending Information (post paid) of the subject, extent, and probable price of such works; which they may depend upon being communicated to the Public, if consistent with its plan.*

Dr. Holland is preparing for the press a Narrative of his Travels in the South of Turkey, during the latter part of 1812, and the Spring of the following year. It will be the principal object of this work to afford sketches of the scenery, population, natural history, and antiquities of those parts of Greece, which have hitherto been more partially known or described; the narrative, therefore, will chiefly regard the Author's Journeys in the Ionian Isles, Albania, Thessaly and some parts of Macedonia, together with an account of his residence at Joannina, the Capital and Court of Ali Pasha, and with a more cursory sketch of his route through Attica, the Morea, &c.; this work will probably be ready for publication towards the end of the present year.

Mr. W. Haygarth is printing a poem, in three parts, descriptive of Greece, with notes, and classical illustrations, and eight engravings from sketches made on the spot.

The Rev. G. S. Faber has nearly ready for the press, the Origin of Pagan Idolatry ascertained from Historical Testimony and Circumstantial Evidence, which will form three quarto volumes.

Mr. Lloyd has in the press a translation of the Tragedies of Alfieri which will appear in the course of the present month.

The Recluse of Norway, a Novel, by Miss A. M. Porter is in the press.

Alicia de Lacy, by Mrs. West, will appear this month.

The confessions of Sir Thomas Longueville, by R. P. Gillies, Esq. is nearly ready for publication.

The Ballantynes of Edinburgh have nearly completed Roderick, the last of the Goths, a poem, by R. Southey, Esq.

Mrs. Graham's Letters on India will appear in the course of the present month.

The whole of the papers communicated to the Philosophical Transactions, by the late John Smeaton, F.R.S. are preparing for publication in 1 vol. 4to. to correspond with his reports and estimates in 3 vols. 4to.

Lord Clarendon's Essays, Moral and Entertaining, on the various Faculties and passions of the Human Mind, will appear this month in 1 vol. fcap. octavo.

Early in the present month will be published, a new and enlarged edition, being the third, of a Theological Treatise, entitled. "*A New way of Deciding Old Controversies*," by Basanistes. The object of this work is to shew that those who claim exclusively the title of Orthodox, do not carry their principles to the full extent of which they admit.

Mr. William Linley, late in the civil service of the East India Company, has in the press, Sonnets, Odes, and other Poems, by the late Charles Lefley, together with a short account of his life and writings.

Mr. Sharon Turner is printing the first Volume of his History of England. This will extend from the Norman Conquest to the Reign of Edward the Third, and comprise also the Literary History of England during the same period. It is composed like his History of the Anglo-Saxons from original and authentic documents; it will be published in December.

In the press, and will be immediately published—A Voyage to the Isle of Elba. Translated from the French of Mr. Arsenne Thiebaut De Berneaud, Emeritus Secretary to the Class of Literature, History, and Antiquities, in the Italian Academy, &c.

This work is the result of a very recent visit by its able author, to an Island, at all times worthy of the Traveller's notice, and rendered at this period still more peculiarly interesting to Europe. It embraces a general view, not only of the Geography and Geology of Elba, but also of its Natural History, Antiquities, Topography, Agriculture, and Commerce, and of the manners and habits of the population. It will be accompanied by an accurate Map, laid down from actual observation; and is, in every particular, calculated to gratify the public curiosity, concerning the new dominion of Napoleon Bonaparte.

John Philippart, Esq. author of the Northern Campaign, &c. is preparing for publication, the Campaign of Germany and France, from the expiration of the armistice, in 1813, to the abdication of the throne by Bonaparte.

Mr. R. Winter has in the press, a History of Whitby, the abbey of Streonshalk, Mulgrave castle, and other local particulars within twenty-five miles round Whitby; with a map of the district, a view of the town and abbey, and several vignettes.

Mr. Wm. Berry, late of the College of Arma, proposes to publish in a quarto volume, the History of the Island of Guernsey, from the remotest period to the year 1813; compiled from the MSS of the late Henry Budd, Esq. and illustrated by thirty plates.

A pair of Celestial Hemispheres, projected by Mr. T. Heming, of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, and engraved by Mr. Lowry, will soon be published, with an explanatory treatise; intended, together, to give facility to the acquirement of astronomy.

Mr. Sotheby will soon publish a volume containing five tragedies, entitled, the Death of Darnley, Ivan, Zamorin and Zama, the Confession, and Orestes.

Mr. R. Wright, unitarian missionary, has in the press, a plain view of the Unitarian Christian Doctrine, in a series of essays.

Count O'Neil is printing a Narrative of his Incarceration, and of the massacre of his family in France, during the period of the Revolution; and of his second imprisonment as a prisoner of war.

Mr. W. Wood, author of an elegant work on Zoography, is preparing to pub-

lish a General Conchology, with scientific specifications.

The Churchman armed against the Errors of the Times, is printing, as a companion to the Scholar armed, in two octavo volumes.

The Rev. J. Ingram, late Saxon professor at Oxford, is preparing an edition of the Saxon Chronicle, with an English translation and notes, a copious index, a short grammar of the Saxon language, and a map of England during the heptarchy; to be published in a royal quarto volume.

A very important work is in the press, and will be speedily published, from the pen of Mr. Colquhoun, on the population, wealth, power and resources of the British Empire:—in one volume 4to: a body of more valuable information and interesting facts than has, perhaps, ever been disclosed to the public in so short a compass, and in which will be found detailed the value of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, and of all the Colonies, Dependencies and Settlements in Europe, America, Africa, and Asia, including the Territory under the management of the East India Company. The whole illustrated by copious statistical tables, constructed on a new and comprehensive plan, so as to be intelligible to the meanest capacity.

Early in June will be published an Introduction to the Study of Bibliography, to which is prefixed a Memoir on the Public Libraries of the Antients, by Mr. Thomas Hartwell Horne. This work embraces a general view of the different subjects connected with the study of Bibliography, the materials used for books in different ages of the world, the origin and progress of writing and printing, the mechanism of the art; the knowledge of books, their relative values and scarcity, choice and classification of books for children, &c. &c., together with a copious notice of the principal Authors who have treated on Bibliography, and accounts of the chief modern, public, and private Libraries.

This work will form two volumes 8vo. and will be illustrated with upwards of twenty engravings, consisting of facsimiles of the Books of Images (executed in bistre-coloured ink, so as faithfully to represent the originals) specimens of early printing, devices of the fine printers, both British and Foreign, &c.

Art. XII. LIST OF WORKS RECENTLY PUBLISHED.

AGRICULTURE.

Observations on the Effect of the Corn Laws, and of a rise and fall in the price of corn on the agriculture and general wealth of the country. By the Rev. T. R. Malthus, Professor of Political Economy at the East India College, Hertfordshire.

Observations on an Intended Proposition to the Legislature, in regard to a new arrangement, as to limiting the price of corn. By Thomas Strickland, A. M. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

A Letter on the Corn Laws. By the Earl of Lauderdale. 8vo. 3s. sewed.

The Speech of the Hon. Baron Hepburn, of Smeaton, on the subject of the Corn Laws; delivered in a numerous and respectable meeting of the County of East Lothian, held at Hadington, on the 3d of March, 1814, and published at the request of that meeting. 8vo, 2s. sewed.

ANTIQUITIES.

Part VII. of The Border Antiquities of England and Scotland; comprising specimens of architecture and sculpture, and other vestiges of former ages, from the earliest time to the union of the two crowns, accompanied by a sketch of Border History. Together with illustrations of remarkable incidents in Border History, and Tradition. By Walter Scott, Esq. 4to. 10s. 6d. and 16s.

No. 1. In medium 4to. Price 12s; Imperial 4to. price 1l. to correspond with the Architectural Antiquities; a few copies in crown folio, price 1l. 11s. 6d. and super-royal folio, 2l. 2s. to class with the new edition of Dugdale's Monasticon of the History and Antiquities of the Cathedral Church of Salisbury; illustrated by a series of engravings of Views, Elevations, Plans, and Architectural details of that edifice; also, delineations of the Ancient Monuments and sculpture: including Biographical Anecdotes of the Bishops and of other eminent persons connected with the Church. By John Britton, F. S. A.

Illustrations of Northern Antiquities, from the earlier Teutonic and Scandinavian Romances; being an abstract of the Book of Heroes, and Nibelungen Lay; with Translations of Metrical Tales,

from the old German, Danish, Swedish, and Icelandic Languages; with notes and Dissertations. royal 4to. 3l. 3s. bds.

BIOGRAPHY.

Memoirs of a celebrated Literary and Political Character from 1742, to 1757. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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